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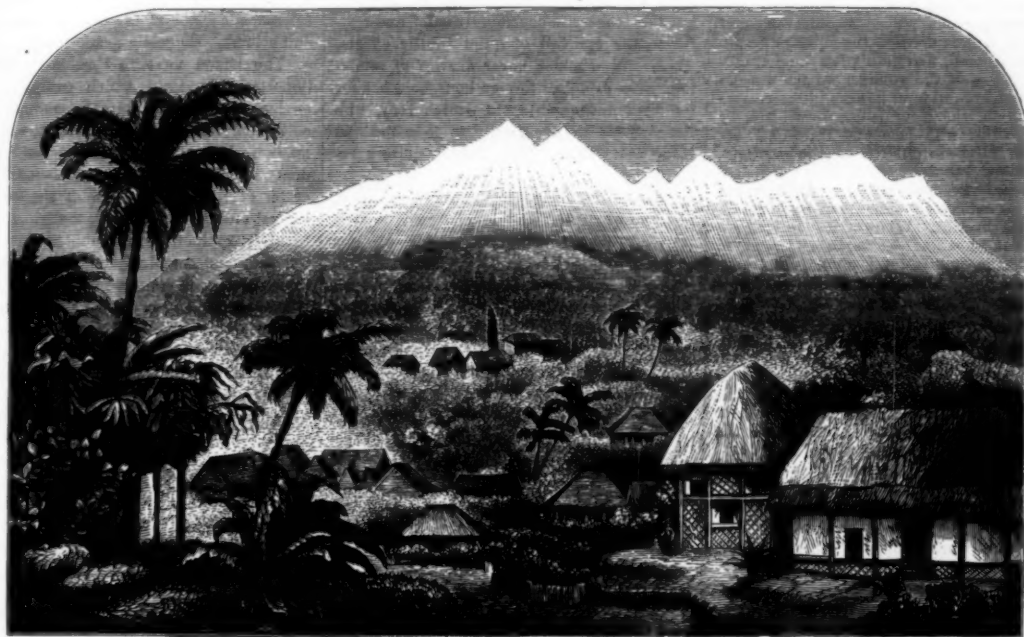
## A TROPICAL PARADISE.

### II.

THE contrast between the present and the near past of Hawaii is indeed wonderful. Only thirty years since a large majority of the natives were given over to a brutal paganism, hardly to be surpassed among any of the savage tribes of the world. Many of the temples wherein their bloody and cruel rites were practised are still standing, and furnish a melancholy clew to the depths from which they have arisen. On the leeward side of Hawaii, near the village of Waimea, is the

of Oahu. The shape is an irregular parallelogram, two hundred and twenty-four feet long by one hundred wide. The walls are built of lava-stones in a very solid and compact style. There were paved platforms all around the side for the accommodation of *alii*, or chiefs, and the people in their orders. At the south end there was an inner court, where the principal idol stood, surrounded by a number of inferior deities, for the Hawaiians had many gods. Here also was the

they were bound and taken alive into the temple. The priests in slaying their victims were careful not to mangle their persons. They were laid in a row, with their faces downward, on the altar before the idol, and, if hogs and bullocks were offered with them, the whole mass was left to putrefy together, poisoning the air for miles around with an inconceivably sickening stench. At the close of the rites the chiefs and the people gave themselves up to hideous debauch, accom-



THE MOUNTAIN MAUNA-KEA, FROM HILO.

great Heiau, the last heathen temple built. On entering the huge pile, which stands naked and desolate on a steep hill-side, the story of the old bloody paganism of the people flashes on the mind.

The entrance is by a narrow passage between high walls, through which the sacrificing priests dragged the wretched victims into the presence of Tairi, a huge wooden idol crowned with a helmet, the favorite ward of Kamehameha the Great, the conqueror

*anu*, a lofty frame of wicker-work, shaped like an obelisk, within which stood the priest when delivering oracular utterances to the king. On the outside of the inner court was the *lele*, or altar, on which human sacrifices were offered. On the day of dedication eleven victims were immolated. These were taken from the captives, or those who had broken *tabu*, or rendered themselves obnoxious to the chiefs. Sometimes they were dispatched at a distance with a stone or club; oftener

panied with the most licentious orgies. Many old inhabitants still remember and describe these carnivals of Moloch which desecrated the smiling face of a natural paradise. To this savagery of less than half a century since let us contrast Miss Bird's description of a garden-party at the charming villa of ex-Queen Emma at Honolulu:

"The people arrived shortly before sunset, and were received by Queen Emma, who sat on the lawn, with her attendants about

her, very simply dressed in black silk. The king, at whose entrance the band played the national anthem, stood on another lawn, where presentations were made by the chamberlain; and those who were already acquainted with him had an opportunity for a few minutes' conversation. He was dressed in a very well-made black morning-suit, and wore the ribbon and star of the Austrian Order of Francis Joseph. His simplicity was atoned for by the superlative splendor of his suite; the governor of Oahu, and the high chief Kalakaua,\* who was a rival candidate for the throne, being conspicuously resplendent. The basis of the costume appeared to be the Windsor uniform, but it was smothered with epaulets, cordons, and lace; and each dignitary has a uniform peculiar to his office, so that the display of gold-lace was prodigious. The chiefs are so raised above the common people in height, size, and general nobility of aspect, that many have supposed them to be of a different race; and the *alii* who represented the dwindled order that night were certainly superb enough in appearance to justify the supposition. Beside their splendor and stateliness, the forty officers of the English and American war-ships, though all in full-dress uniform, looked decidedly insignificant; and I doubt not that the natives who were assembled outside the garden-railings in crowds were not behind me in making invidious comparisons.

"Chairs and benches were placed under the beautiful trees, and people grouped themselves on these, and promenaded, flirted, talked politics and gossip, or listened to the royal band, which played at intervals, and played well. The dress of the ladies, whether white or colored, was both pretty and appropriate. Most of the younger women were in white, and wore natural flowers in their hair; and many of the elder ladies wore black or colored silks, with lace and trains. There were several beautiful *leis* of the *gardenia*, which filled all the garden with their delicious odor. Tea and ices were handed round on *Sèvres* china by footmen and pages in appropriate liveries. What a wonderful leap from calabashes and *poi*, *malos*, and *pau*, to this correct and tasteful civilization! As soon as the brief amber twilight of the tropics was over, the garden was suddenly illuminated by myriads of Chinese lanterns, and the effect was bewitching. The upper suite of rooms was thrown open for those who preferred dancing under cover; but I think that the greater part of the assemblage chose the shady walks and the purple night. Supper was served at eleven, and soon after the party broke up."

Both the men and women of Hawaii have no little claim to personal comeliness, which age does not touch quickly, as it does the harassed, care-worn people of more energetic nations. The laughing, careless faces of the Hawaiian women are a perpetual marvel. But the expression has little of the innocence and childishness of the negro physiognomy. They are a handsome people, scornful and sarcastic looking even in their mirth, and those who know them best say they are always quizzing and mimicking each other. The women are free from tasteless perversity, both as to color and ornament, and have an instinct of the becoming. At first the *holuku*, which is only a full-yoke night-gown, is not attractive, but its devices are wise. It conceals awk-

wardness, and fosters grace of movement, and, equally adapted to riding or walking, it has the general appropriateness desirable in costume. The women have a peculiarly graceful walk, with a swinging step from the hip, in which the shoulder sympathizes. It has neither the delicate shuffle of the Frenchwoman, the robust, decided movement of the Englishwoman, the stately glide of the Spaniard, nor the stealthiness of the squaw. A majestic *walking*, with small, bare feet, a grand, swinging, deliberate gait, hibiscus-blossoms in her flowing hair, and flower-wreaths trailing over her *holuku*, has a tragic grandeur of appearance which makes the pale-skinned foreign lady marching in high-heeled shoes by her side look grotesque and insignificant.

The island of Kauai, belonging to the island group, is specially distinguished for the personal beauty and grace of its people. Indeed, the whole island, though not so exigent in its startling demands on the admiration of the visitor, has an extreme and characteristic beauty of its own. Its sparkling rivulets and swelling uplands have the charm of the quiet scenery of New England, and again its broken woody ridges and broad sweep of mountain outline recall the picturesque Alleghanies. It has not the warm tropical coloring, the luxuriant vegetation, nor yet indeed the volcanic wildernesses of Hawaii; but the scenery is charmingly calm and restful to the eye, full of quiet subtle effects, which the beholder never wearies of studying. The principal foreign household has for its head a venerable old Scotch lady, who emigrated with her family to New Zealand many years since. The story is quite a romance:

The husband was accidentally drowned, and the widow left to take charge of a large property, and bring up the children. Her great ambition was to keep her family together on the old patriarchal system. When the children grew up, and the New Zealand property became too small, she sold it and embarked with her family and movable possessions on a clipper-ship, owned and commanded by one of her sons-in-law, to sail through the wide Pacific in search of some suitable home wherein to erect her household gods. They were strongly tempted by Tahiti, but some reasons decided them against that island. Mr. Damon, the seamen's chaplain, on boarding the trim bark, was amazed to find this great family party on board, with a beautiful and brilliant old lady at the head, books, pictures, work, and all that could add refinement to their floating home, and cattle and sheep of valuable breeds in pens on the deck.

The island of Nihau was then for sale, and was purchased of Kamehameha V. at a ridiculously low price. There they were established for seven years, but finally moved to Kauai, the second son only remaining in their former homestead. This patriarchal family consists of a bachelor son, two widowed daughters with six children, three of whom are grown-up young men, and a tutor, a young Prussian officer, who was on Maximilian's staff at Queretaro. The remaining daughter, married to a Norwegian gentleman, lives on the adjoining property. All the young people are thoroughly Hawaiianized,

speaking the language fluently; are great athletes, and bold surf-riders, an accomplishment generally supposed out of the reach of foreigners. Such is a typical example of many foreign families who have settled in the Hawaiian Islands, and on whom the future prosperity of the little toy kingdom will largely depend.

One of the show-places of the island is a superb cañon. The valley which leads to it is walled in by *palis*, two hundred feet in height, grooved vertically in layers of conglomerate and basalt. The cañon itself is about twenty-five hundred feet in depth, not so grand, indeed, as the famous cañon of the Colorado, but so clad in verdure and parasitic trailing vines as to make the precipitous sides an inconceivable wealth of color. The upper end of the cañon is closed in by a superb waterfall, formed by the river Hawapihi falling over a wall three hundred and twenty-six feet in height. Two high and stately peaks form an imposing gate-way for the entrance of the stream. Numberless other small cascades also contribute their little warble to the deep diapason of the whole. Into this cool, dark abyss only the noontide sun ever penetrates; all beautiful things which love damp—all shade-loving parasites—flourish here in perennial beauty. Only a scarlet tropic bird occasionally flashes across the solemn silence, and the arches, buttresses, and columns, suggest a grand temple.

The island next to Hawaii in size and importance is Maui, which contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, and is highly cultivated for the most part, there being many wealthy and enterprising foreign residents. It is specially distinguished for the crater of Haleakala (House of the Sun), the largest crater in the world, though now, fortunately, extinct. The mountain is a dome ten thousand feet in height, with an enormous base, and the windward side is gashed by streams which, in their violence, have excavated large pot-holes, which serve as reservoirs. On the leeward side several black and fresh-looking streams of lava run into the sea. The whole coast for some distance above the ocean-level, indeed, shows signs of terrible volcanic action. The great surprise of Haleakala to the visitor is that where, according to calculation, there should have been a summit, an abyss of vast dimensions opens below. It is as if the whole top of the mountain had been blown off by some inconceivable convulsion. Though its girdling precipices are nineteen miles in extent, the whole crater can be taken in at a glance. The vast, irregular floor is two thousand feet below the opening. New York could be hidden away in it, with ample room to spare. On the north and east are huge gaps as deep as the crater, through which oceans of lava once found their way to the sea. The volcanic forces, by one gigantic effort, seem to have rent the whole top of the mountain asunder, and then passed into endless repose.

The crater seems composed of a hard, gray clinkstone, much fissured, and the internal cones look as if they had just gone out, so glowing is their red. Not even a hot spring or steam crack is found in any part of the mountain. With its cold ashes and

\* It need hardly be said that the chief here referred to is the present King Kalakaua who recently visited the United States, Laniilo having been on the throne when our author was in the Sandwich Islands.

dead form it is an impressive spectacle of the force of fire, hardly less imposing than the fierce activity of Mauna-Loa, for it is the witness of a catastrophe which had not only blown off the top of a great mountain, and scattered it over the island, but disemboweled it to the depth of two thousand feet.

Haleakala is specially celebrated for its splendid cloud-scenery. There is the gaunt, desolate abyss, its fiery cones, its rivers and surges of black lava, its walls dark and frowning, everywhere splintered and riven, and clouds perpetually drifting in through the great gaps in the mountain-sides. The clouds often surround the whole mountain in the most fantastic shapes, not in vague, flocculent, meaningless masses, but with the sculptured semblance and distinctness of icebergs, flocks, and packs, glistening with polar frosts in an arctic ocean. One fancies snow-drifts, avalanches, and seas, held in a bondage of ice, all massed together, and stretching away over the broad channel which divides Maui from Hawaii. Far away rise the blue, jeweled summits of Mauna-Kea and Mauna-Loa, crested with snow even more dazzling than the clouds. Suddenly the scene shifts, the clouds break away, and the beautiful valleys below appear—the noble fields of cane, the flushed palm-fringed coast, and the deep-blue sea reposing in perpetual calm.

The different islands of the Hawaiian group before Captain Cook landed, and indeed for some years afterward, were separate chiefdoms, or sovereignties, and the whole group was kept in a turmoil, which caused great waste of life, by internal dissensions and incessant wars. There is enough of reliable fact in early Hawaiian history, however, to show that there were regularly-organized communities on these islands for a long time which indicated a polity quite advanced for Polynesian heathenism. The kingly power was hereditary and absolute, the chiefs and priests being admitted to some share of power, sufficient to assist in holding the people chained by the most rigorous of feudal systems. With Kamehameha the Great, the Napoleon of the Pacific, began a new era. He united an overweening ambition to remarkable gifts as a ruler, and, without education, training, or political precedent, animated not merely by the lust of conquest, but by the desire to build up a nationality, he subjugated every thing within the reach of his canoes, and fused a rabble of savages and chieftainships into a united nation, with a feeling of something like patriotism. His wars were not petty squabbles or accidental conflicts. When he meditated the conquest of Kauai he organized an expedition of seven thousand picked warriors, twenty-one schooners, forty swivels, six mortars, with an abundance of ammunition. His victories are celebrated in many unwritten songs, said to be marked by real poetical feeling, and to resemble the Ossianic poems in majesty and melancholy. He founded the dynasty which for seventy years has ruled with considerable efficiency and wisdom, though its institutions flourish rather as an exotic than with the force of native energy and growth.

The king was forty-five years old when he ended his wars, and set himself to the task

of constructive government. Governors were placed over the islands, and minor officials appointed with keen political acumen, if such a word is applicable in a kingdom just emerging from barbarism. The tax-gatherers were obliged to keep regular accounts, and held to rigid responsibility. He appointed a council of chiefs, and another parliament of wise men to assist in framing and administering laws, and all matters of national importance were decided with their advice. Statutes were enacted against theft, murder, and oppression, and, though the king himself was arbitrary, justice was so severely administered that the people enjoyed a golden age compared with what had gone before. Swift and decision characterized the redress of grievances, and the institutes of law and justice were applied with great formality and equity. Kamehameha modified the cruel regulations which had attended the tenure of land, and, while he did not relax his own arbitrary hold, he softened the harsh aspect of Polynesian life in no slight degree. Many wise regulations were enforced as to the planting of cocoa-nuts, and agriculture in various ways was shrewdly encouraged. Immense fish-ponds were constructed, and commerce organized. The king exported four hundred thousand dollars' worth of sandal and other valuable woods in one year, though it must be confessed that the wily savage monopolized all the benefit.

From Vancouver he learned of the power of Christian nations, and expressed a desire to have teachers sent to his kingdom. This request was ignored, and the great Polynesian ruler died in the darkness of paganism. Perhaps the unwillingness to send Christian missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands had some connection with a well-known story of Kamehameha's peculiar way of discussing theological problems. We are told that some wandering preachers of the Gospel attempted his conversion. After listening to their eloquent statements, the wily king proposed a test, which was quite a different and less harmless matter than Professor Tyndall's prayer-gauge. He proposed that the teachers of the new faith should hurl themselves over an adjacent precipice, and made his reception of their religion contingent on the result—a mode of proof by no means acceptable to the pious strangers. To the end he remained devoted to the state religion, and the various altars reeked with human sacrifices. While showing one of his temples to the traveler Kotzebue, he said: "These are our gods whom I worship. Whether I do right or wrong, I do not know; but I follow my faith, which cannot be wicked, as it commands me never to do wrong."

Since 1819, the year of the great ruler's death, the history of the Sandwich Islands is comparatively familiar. It was not till 1880 that the last relics of the old pagan faith and practice were banished from the minds of the people. On the whole, Kamehameha was a monarch who would have exacted Carlyle's admiration and eloquent eulogy—a wise, daring, large-minded man, cruel and imperious, indeed, but governed in the main by noble and patriotic instincts.

Then as now, Hawaii was the principal

island, the seat of the regal court, and the centre of power. In many respects there was a prosperity more solid and desirable than that of the present. Certainly, as regards the health and longevity of the people, conditions were far more favorable. In spite of the delicious salubrity of the climate, the natives are dying off with great rapidity. The horrible disease of leprosy is extending its ravages in spite of every care of prevention. The island of Molokai is set apart as a quarantine, where the lepers are isolated as fast as they are discovered, and the living foci of disease thus segregated. The natives seem perfectly reckless about the risk of contagion, and the gregarious instinct is so strong that they will smoke the pipes, wear the clothes, and sleep on the mats of lepers! Indeed, they conceal the victims of the disease as long as possible, and the government officials have great difficulty in ferreting out the infected persons.

Let us take a rapid glance at the leper-settlement of Molokai, which is alike a hospital and a charnel-house; for there is no cure for the awful pestilence. It is the duty of the sheriffs of the island, on the certificate of a doctor that a man is a leper, to commit him to death in life at Molokai. Here he slowly rots away in a terrible exile, for there is no release for him except the merciful hand of death. The agonized parting and the woe of the friends as they cling to the bloated limbs and kiss the glistening, swollen faces of those who are exiled from them forever, are said to be something almost heart-rending. There are no individual distinctions among the sufferers. Queen Emma's cousin, a man of wealth, and Mr. Ragsdale, the most influential and eloquent lawyer among the half-whites, share the same doom as stricken Chinamen and laborers from the plantations. The necessity is terrible, but no less a necessity; and, in the case of Mr. Ragsdale, who gave himself up voluntarily, the case was aggravated by the fact that he is a man of great accomplishments and almost unbounded control over his countrymen, one who, had it not been for his fearful disease, would have risen to a very prominent position in state affairs.

Molokai, the Island of Exile, is a land of precipices, with walls of rock rising two thousand feet above the sea in extreme grandeur and picturesqueness, but slashed, as in Hawaii, by gulches opening from natural lawns down to the sea. The road from the sea-landing is a zigzag bridle-track, which winds over the face of the precipice, and this abode of death is in all respects worthy of the grim functions to which it is devoted. Three miles inland from the port is the leper village, the home of hideous suffering, where science is unable to grapple with despair; where the only business of the community is to perish; where there are husbandless wives, wifeless husbands, children without parents, and parents without children, condemned to watch the loathsome steps by which each of their doomed fellows glides down to death.

Most of the victims live in brown huts, but the more wealthy ones have white cottages, where every comfort is provided for them. The hospitals, twelve in number, are roomy and well arranged, built on an airy



height. In the centre of the hospital square are the dispensary and the office-buildings, where the statistics of the settlement are kept, and the leper governor holds his leper court—for all the officials, even to the doctor and the chaplain, are the victims of the disease. The rations of food are ample, and the contributions of the benevolent suffice to provide little luxuries and extras, such as tobacco, pipes, knives, toys, books, pictures, and working implements and materials for amusement; for the lepers become pauperized when they are sent into exile, and no longer have any claim on their property.

The sensibilities of the visitor are shocked when he sees the throngs of active-looking exiles, who shrink away from the proffered hand, as if abased at the thought of what they are. But what shall be said of the awful spectacles in the hospitals, wherein every thing is pervaded with the sickening odor of the grave; where all around, crouched on their mats and shivering with despair, are seen the yet breathing corpses of the poor wretches who leer for a moment out of their ghoul-like eyes, and then shrink into themselves again, caricatures of life, masses of rotting flesh with but little semblance of humanity! Though the mystery of death which hangs over the valley of Molokai discloses some of the more woful features of the curse, it is pleasant to know that the poor outcasts are as kindly cared for as the resources of the government will permit. The most strenuous efforts are being made to stamp out the disease and provide for the comfort of those who are isolated.

Let us turn from this picture of woe and despair to pleasanter scenes. Miss Bird, shortly after her visit to the leper island, which she passed en route from the minor islands to beautiful Hilo in Hawaii, had an opportunity of ascending Mauna-Loa, and visiting the summit-crater of the great fire-mountain in company with a scientific gentleman well known on the island. The mountain had for some time been active at both of its huge craters, and no little fear was aroused at some impending catastrophe; for those who live under its shadow do so as under the sword of Damocles. The adventurous sight-

seers first visited Kilauea, described in a former paper. They found the lake agitated with convulsions of indescribable beauty and splendor, lurid, gory, raging masses of red, half-molten rock playing in the great central whirlpool, which sent up waves forty feet high. The sublimity was enhanced by the fact that the visible was only the twentieth part of the fearfulness of the unseen, while sulphurous masses of smoke, thunderings and crashings, beat on the eyes and ears.



A FOREST-STREAM IN KAUAI.

Kilauea is different from European volcanoes, which send lava and stones into the air in fierce, sudden spasms, and then subside. Ever changing, now resting, the force which stirs it rages continually with the strength and fierceness of the ocean. Its labors unfinished, and possibly never to be ended, its very unexpectedness adds to its sublimity; for you reach the very terminal wall of the crater before it appears any thing else than a

smoking pit in the midst of a dreary waste of desert-land. Let us record our author's own account of the impressions made by the spectacle of the summit-crater of Mauna-Loa, reached after long and tedious toil over lava-precipices, a vision no less striking than, but in many respects a contrast to, the phenomena of Kilauea:

"We rode as far as a deep fissure filled with frozen snow, threw ourselves from our mules, jumped the fissure, and more than eight hundred feet below yawned the inaccessible blackness and horror of the crater of Mokuaweo, six miles in circumference, eleven thousand feet long by eight thousand wide. The mystery was solved; for at one end of the crater, in a deep gorge of its own above the level of the rest of the area, was the lonely fire, the reflection of which shone one hundred miles at sea for more than six months. Nearly opposite us, unlike the gory gleam of Kilauea, a perfect fountain of pure yellow fire was regularly playing in united jets, throwing up its glorious incandescence some six hundred feet in height. The sunset gold could not be purer. Distance robbed it of awfulness, and made it all a thing of beauty. In the distance there had only been a vibrating roar. At the crater's edge it was a majestic sound, the roar of an angry sea mingled with the hollow boom of surf echoing in sea-caves, murmuring on, rising and falling like the thunder-music of Windward Hawaii. . . .

"This area, over two miles long and a mile and a half wide, with precipitous sides eight hundred feet deep, and a broad second shelf about three hundred feet below the one we occupied, at that time appeared a dark-gray, tolerably-level lake, with great black blotches, and yellow and white stains, the whole much fissured. No steam or smoke proceeded from any part of the level surface, and it had the unnaturally dead look which follows the action of fire. A ledge, or false beach, which must mark at once a higher level of the lava, skirts the lake, at an elevation of thirty feet, probably, and this fringed the area with various signs of present volcanic action, steaming sulphur-banks, and heavy jets of smoke. The other side, above



the crater, has a ridgy, broken look, giving the false impression of a mountainous region beyond. At this time the luminous fountain, and the red cracks in the river of lava which proceeded from it, were the only fires visible in the great area of blackness. In former days people have descended to the floor of the crater, but, owing to the breaking away of the accessible part of the precipice, a descent now is not feasible, though I doubt not that a man might even now get down, if he went up with suitable tackle and sufficient assistance.

"When the sun had set, and the brief red glow of the tropics had vanished, a new world came into being, and wonder after wonder flashed forth from the previously lifeless crater. Everywhere through its vast expanse appeared glints of fire—fires bright and steady, burning in rows like blast-furnaces; fires lone and isolated, unwinking like planets, or twinkling like stars; rows of little fires marking the margin of the lowest level of the crater; fire molten in deep crevasses; fire in wavy lines; fire, calm, stationary, and restful—an incandescent lake two miles in length beneath a deceptive crust of darkness, and whose depth one dare not fathom, even in thought. Broad in the glare, giving light enough to read by at a distance of three-quarters of a mile, making the moon look as blue as an ordinary English sky, its golden gleam changed to a vivid rose-color, lighting up the whole of the vast precipices of that part of the crater with a rosy red, bringing out every detail here, throwing cliffs and heights into huge black masses there, rising, falling, never intermitting, leaping in lofty jets with glorious shapes like wheat-sheaves, coruscating, reddening, the most glorious thing beneath the moon was the fire-fountain of Mokuaweoweo."

It is possible that the whole interior of the huge mountain is fluid, and that the mountain-sides give way as unable to bear the pressure from within, thus allowing the fiery contents to escape. In 1855 one of the sides split open, and the lava gushed forth for thirteen months in a stream which ran for sixty miles, and flooded Hawaii for three hundred square miles!

Hawaii is, indeed, of all places on earth, a land of beauty, and for those who seek them of magnificence and terror. One can readily understand how words fail to describe such scenes as are opened to him that looks into the awful volcano-depths, and how no less language is hardly adequate to paint the tropical languor and loveliness of the summer-lands by the sea. We cannot farther pursue our author's adventures in detail, but enough has been given to convey some impression of one of the paradises of the earth. Here winds are things almost unknown, except the trade-winds, which blow ever gently and steadily with a breath of balm and healing. Low breezes whisper softly morning and evening, rain drops with the softest of touches, and the murmur of drowsy surges alone breaks the stillness. The great expanse of ocean is disturbed by little more than mere ripples. The skies are rose in the cool morning, gold in the cool evening, while sails come

and go no larger than butterfly-wings on the horizon; people speak in hushed voices, and move as in a lethargy. Life is dead, and existence little more than delicious languor. Even the energetic foreigners soon yield to the spell, and become as Tennyson's lot-eaters:

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;  
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
... but evermore  
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam;  
Then some one said, 'We will return no more.'"

Here every thing in Nature is profuse, fervid, passionate, vivified, and pervaded by sunshine. The earth is restless in her productiveness, and constantly repeats the miracle of Jonah's gourd. All decay is quickly concealed, and through the glowing year flower, bud, and fruit, watch each other side by side on the same tree. Ferns are always uncurling their fronds, bananas unfolding their shining leaves, and Spring continually blends her promise with the maturity of Summer. Is it wonderful, then, that the native pines and dies when away from his Pacific home, and that even the foreigner who has once tasted its delicious life looks back with longing to Hawaii?

## A MASTER-STROKE OF BUSINESS.

### I.

THE Long-Branch season was at its height when Esmond Drury strayed there for a month's excitement. The drives were crowded with splendid equipages and the huge hotels overflowed with people. But where Esmond Drury looked for excitement he found worse than loneliness. Where all the ladies talked of fashion and all the men of stocks, there was nothing for him but boredom. His dreamy, poetic temperament, as his father called it, could not live in such a turmoil of pleasure-seekers. Two days had been enough for him. He packed his trunk on the afternoon of the second, and asked when the next train would leave for New York. At 5.07. It was then just two. Could he exist three hours longer in that place? He paid his bill, ordered his trunk down from room No. 42, and ordered a seat in the omnibus for him at 5.07. In the mean time, he would take a walk among the cottages. No. The sun was hot and the white sand of the road glared with the heat. He would look in at the Ocean Hotel. No, nor that. It was a long walk to that immense caravansary, where the turmoil was even worse than here, and he'd remain on the piazza of the West End. Then he strolled into the summer-house, and watched a few dripping, drizzly, uncomfortable bathers. The surf was rolling high, and seemed so cool and inviting in the hot August sun, that he thought he'd bathe. No, it was too much trouble. He smoked.

Two trim figures, in trim blue bathing-suits, ran hand-in-hand down the shining sands and plunged into the rolling surf—the trimmest, tidiest figures he had ever seen;

two young girls they were. Usually, women looked so wretchedly damp and misshapen in bathing-suits. These were wonderful exceptions, and Esmond Drury felt a very perceptible spark of interest. He thought he'd watch them. They plunged boldly out to meet the battling breakers, and disdained the heavy buoy-rope to which most of their sex clung, limiting their bath usually to two feet of water and ankle-deep of sand. These tidy bathers absolutely dived under the heavy surges and swam outward, even turning on their backs and swimming that way, and venturing in their boldness to wrestle one another in the waves. Esmond Drury suddenly found his cigar unlighted and himself at the bath-keeper's, bargaining for an extra-hand-some bathing-costume.

"Not an old woolen concern half worn away," said he. "Give me something that does not dissipate all semblance of the human form."

The old man who acted as bath-keeper was slow of speech and disposed to reminiscences.

"I hain't any very becoming, that I must say," said he, sententiously. "You can't make bathing-suits to fit. It ain't in Nature—"

"Oh, come," said Esmond, impatiently; "what has Nature to do with it?"

"The intention of bathing-suits, I think, is to be loose. I remember when old Judge Magruder, of Boontown, used to bathe here, he always said that no man or woman could afford to have a bathin'-suit that fitted. Be you from New York?"

"Yes, yes!" If the old man did not hurry up, those beautiful bathers would be out of the water before Esmond got in. And what if they were? Surely he did not propose to go in simply because they were there. Then, on sober, second thought, he concluded that he would not care to go in if they were not there. Why?—he gave that up.

"Then you likely didn't know Judge Magruder? A funny thing he said to me once. 'Why,' says he, when these 'ere new special bathing-suits came in fashion, says he, 'there's no use putting on airs in a bathing-suit. You can't tell an Eve from a Medusey in 'em, and there's no use trying.'"

Esmond suddenly glanced at the bathers again. Far out in the sea were two white faces, rising and falling with the swelling waves. They were his Eves. The Medusas still clung to the buoy-rope. The judge was wrong. There was an immense difference. He finally got his bathing-suit, and in five minutes was buffeting the waves with the rest. With long, easy strokes he left the shallows, and sought the deep-green fields where the two Eves disported. Beyond the wall of waves which intervened between them and him, he could occasionally hear their merry laughter. Then he heard in the midst of this merry laughter a low, breathless cry:

"Nora, what's the matter?"

He instinctively quickened his stroke.

"Nora! Good Heavens! Nora!" Then a sudden shriek, half stifled by the splash of the waves. Then—

"Help!"

Esmond rose upon another outgoing wave, and from this height could see the trim bathers, whom he had noticed from the shore, seemingly battling with each other. The face of one wore a terribly pale and frightened look, over which the unrelenting waves broke with every surf, while her arms weakly sought to clutch the form of the other. That other's face wore a look of such sharp anguish that Esmond's heart was lacerated even in that dreadful moment at sight of it. Her two hands were desperately seeking to sustain the sinking figure at her side, and desperately beating the remorseless waves.

"Help!"

Not a soul on shore moved. The sound could not be heard above the roaring waters and the adverse winds. The laughter and coarse jesting of the bathers at the buoy-ropes were borne back on the breeze as if in mockery of their despair and danger.

Esmond mounted another wave, and was within arm's-length of his Eves.

He caught the drowning girl by the arm.

"Courage," he whispered. "The sea is buoyant. Only your fear drags you down. Let me help you. Keep your arms down and I will lead you to safety."

But the head of the struggling girl had fallen on her breast, and she was unconscious. The other was still desperately beating the waves.

"Slowly and steadily," he said to her.

"Don't exhaust your strength. Nora is safe."

She heard and obeyed. She conquered her terror. Soon she was pulling long, leisurely strokes shoreward with all the ease that she had first exhibited. She looked back occasionally to see that all was going well. And thus the three made their way toward the shore and safety.

Soon they were in shallow water, and a group of more discreet bathers were splashing water about them, unconscious of any scene of peril so recently imminent. Consciousness was returning to the rescued girl, and as she finally stood on her feet, and reached forth her hand to her sister, Esmond, with a sudden impulse, plunged again into the sea, and was soon buffeting once more the outer breakers. An occasional glance toward the beach showed him the two trim figures, one leaning on the other, slowly taking their way, seemingly unnoticed, among the crowd of bath-seekers, and presently disappearing in the shakily row of bath-houses. Then Esmond leisurely buffeted his way to shore again, and soon resumed his ordinary dress.

During all this time, peculiar thoughts had stirred Esmond's soul. Here was the germ of a pleasant and exciting romance with which to enliven his stay at Long Branch. It did not fall in the way of many young men to rescue a lovely damsel from drowning, and it was not likely that such an event would go without its sequel. And in that sequel were gratitude, love-making, and love (two essentially different things, by-the-way), and a delicious season of courtship, ending presumably in a happy marriage in accordance with the precedent in all orthodox romances. She was lovely. He had seen enough to be sure of that. Her face, as he

had seen it for the few moments that her head rested on his shoulder, although under circumstances rather inopportune for observing beauty—her face was unusually lovely. True, her mouth was tightly closed, so that he could not define its outlines, and her eyes were shut, so that he had really been unable to see the soul of her beauty, but her face was plainly of a soft, oval shape, with a white, almost bluish-white complexion, owing, probably, to her uncomfortable immersion; her forehead was low and well shaped, her nose was archly chiseled, while her dark hair clustered in long, heavy masses far down her back. She was, undoubtedly, very handsome even without her eyes and teeth—so to speak—and Esmond's interested soul scorned any suggestion that these undoubted essentials to a perfect beauty would not prove to correspond with the rest of the face. She was also *petite*—he had noticed the slight, trim form as she had tripped so lightly to the bath, and by the same light he had discovered what high, arched, and handsome feet she had. Upon these observations, Esmond Drury, impressed with the necessity of pursuing his romance to the end, built himself an image of girlish beauty, which he expected at any moment to encounter on Ocean Avenue, on the piazza, the supper-room of the hotel, or the ballroom. With that expectation already fully developed in his mind he seated himself in the summer-house again, lit a fresh cigar, and tranquilly prepared to welcome his lady-love at her first approach.

As Esmond ruminated with every new thought of the lovely unknown whom he had rescued from the sea, a deeper interest in her seized upon him, and those emotions which are said to lead to love sensibly assailed him. Pity for the terrible danger that almost overwhelmed her was succeeded by an intense sorrow for the terror that must have seized upon her when she found herself hopelessly in old Ocean's grasp, and this was succeeded in turn by that sentiment akin to paternal love, which one feels for something lying helpless in his arms—something whose life has depended on his strength, whose closed eyes have opened again only at his bidding, whose pale-blue lips have regained the ruddy color of life and hope at his will. There seemed to him to be here an ineradicable bond, binding the unknown Nora forever to himself—a bond which could not be sundered by any after-act, whether he ever or never met his Nora again. And with this romantic bond arose a sense of loyalty to his unknown that seemed to bind him in return.

## II.

As Esmond arrived at these romantic conclusions, he discovered that his cigar was out. The Drive was full and gay, as usual of the late afternoons, and the sun in the west was already casting a long, black streak of shadow up the beach. Two young ladies, richly dressed, both fair and tall, one slightly taller than the other, were painfully toiling up the wooden staircase from the beach. The smaller one stopped at the top to help the other up. The latter looked pale and weary. Esmond remained seated in his summer-house as they slowly went by.

"Never again, Nelly dear," said the younger, passionately pressing the hand of the other. "It was too terrible!"

"What would papa think?" said the other, in a low voice. "We dare not tell him, Mamie."

"We won't tell him. It was too terrible!"

"No, no! not for the world."

"O Nelly, Nelly—"

The rest was lost to Esmond's somewhat inattentive ears, and the two passed by, and glided gracefully across the lawn to the hotel.

Esmond gazed after them involuntarily.

"That taller one, now!" he thought—"what a handsome mien she has! I wonder who she is? But I forget. I must think of nobody but my own unknown Nora. It is due to—well, it's due to romance that I should be loyal to Nora. Let me see, by-the-way, if there are any Noras on the hotel-register. A happy suggestion!"

He crossed the lawn to the hotel, entered the large room where the clerk's desk stood, turned over the register for several days back, and looked for Noras. It was evidently a scant time for Noras, for there was not one on the list. Nearly all the ladies were Mrs. or Miss, and had no Christian name visible.

"She's an elder daughter, doubtless," whispered Hope to the young man.

It was now half-past five o'clock. He must prepare for dinner.

"Give me the key to room 42," said he to the clerk.

That individual had just completed the test of a diamond ring on his finger by looking at it in a dark niche formed by the hollow of his hand, but, in reply to Esmond's polite request, he raised his head, and bent one ear inquiringly toward the guest.

"The key to 42, if you please."

A passing acquaintance at a distance attracted the attention of the gentlemanly clerk at that moment, and he made a languid bow over Esmond's shoulder, and wearily showed his white teeth in smiling recognition.

"52?" he inquired.

"42," responded Esmond.

The languid gentleman ran his eyes lazily over the key-rack.

"In the door," he said.

"42 in the door?" said Esmond, sharply. "I left it here."

"It's in the door," repeated the gentleman, with the slight animation of astonishment in his gaze, as he wonderingly viewed this rebellious guest. Esmond turned away half angrily, and went up-stairs.

"What the deuce can any one be doing in my room?" he thought. "Chambermaids, probably, cleaning up."

The key was in the door. He turned the knob and entered. Two steps from the door he stopped. These were *not* chambermaids cleaning up.

The room was a large one facing the sea, and the western sunlight, slanting in at the open windows, softly lit up the scene before him: two women, one kneeling by the Turkish chair on which the other sat, her hands clasped, her face upraised, her lips trembling, her hair disheveled; the other, with her arms

about the kneeling girl's neck and her head bent down until her lips touched the kneeling girl's cheek; a crushed sea-side hat near them, a crumpled newspaper, a shawl thrown idly on a footstool, a parasol lying on the floor. No wonder that Esmond stopped, and the angry frown on his face gave way to an expression of unqualified amazement. He was about retreating when the kneeling girl sprang to her feet.

"Nelly!" she said.

The other raised her head, and saw with wonder this unexpected intruder. She rose majestically to her full height at once, and made one step toward him.

"What do you want, sir?" she said, with a voice in which there was but the faintest tremor.

"Nothing whatever, ladies," replied Esmond, with a bow, and taking off his hat; "but this is my room."

"Your room? Impossible!" replied the young lady. "You have mistaken the number."

Esmond glanced quickly at the door. No. 42 was there as plain as day.

"I beg your pardon, ladies, but I am not mistaken. This is my number."

The young lady suddenly clasped her hand to her breast.

"Can we possibly have made a mistake?"

"I fear so," replied Esmond, as pleasantly as possible. "This is No. 42. Probably your number sounds similarly."

"Exactly like it," said the young lady, resuming her dignity again. "Our room is No. 42."

"Ladies," said Esmond, "I will leave the room to you, as mistakes often occur. But I cannot consent that I should labor under the odium of having intruded here. I know that it is my room. I left it three hours ago merely to bathe. But I cheerfully give it now to you, with the simple request that you ring the bell, and have the servant inquire for you at the office if room No. 42 is not occupied by Mr. Drury. When the answer comes you will see that it is you who have made the mistake, not I; and I hope you will remember at that moment that the mistake, which I fear has been very annoying to you, is not at all so to me. Pray, ring the bell."

And with that Mr. Drury bowed himself out, taking another good look at the number on the door as he went, and descended to the clerk's desk again. And, as he went, he had thought for further rumination. The two girls in room No. 42 were the same who had passed by him in the summer-house, and the one who had replied to him in the room was the tall one whose figure he had involuntarily noticed there. Strange that he should thus meet these two girls twice within two hours! If they were only the true Nora and her sister, he could understand it. Then it would be Romance and Poetic Justice advancing his suit. But neither of them would answer for Nora. They were both too tall to begin with, and they were both fair with light hair. Of two things he was sure: Nora's hair was dark—say, a dark brown—and Nora was not tall. Then, besides, he had heard these young ladies call each other Nel-

ly and Mamie, and he could not see that either Nelly or Mamie could be Nora.

He was in a somewhat abstracted mood, with all these thoughts crowding him, when he reached the clerk's desk. The same languid gentleman waited behind it, as steadily inert and lifeless as before. Esmond felt a sort of malicious pleasure in compelling this artistic individual to exert himself a little.

"A mistake has occurred, sir," said Esmond.

The lay figure bent its pink eyes wonderingly on him.

"You have put two ladies in a room which belongs to me."

The lay figure slowly shook his head.

"Please look on your register and see who occupies room No. 42."

The languid gentleman glanced absently up and down the oblong board, covered with slips of paper, usually seen in hotel-offices, and said, languidly:

"Two Misses Darcy."

"What!" cried Esmond.

The lay figure calmly reverted to the pleasing duty of cleaning his nails, and cast a half-glance of wondering disdain at this disregard of majesty.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Esmond, quite angrily, "that you have vacated my room and given it to some one else without a word to me?"

The languid gentleman positively opened his eyes at this astonishing statement. He closed his penknife, and brushed an atom from his shirt-bosom.

"Name?" said he.

"Drury. I have occupied room 42 for two days."

The clerk looked through a huge ledger, as large as himself, ran his finger down the index, hurried over to the letter D, and closed the book with a clap like thunder.

"You vacated the room, Mr. Drury, and went off on the 5.07 train."

### III.

It took half a dozen turns round the veranda to enable Drury to recover himself after this cruel blow. He remembered now that he had paid his bill and ordered his trunk checked on the 5.07 train, and, therefore, he had vacated the room, and the young ladies were in rightful possession, and he had intruded upon them, and he remembered, with a shudder, with what confidence, what impertinent assurance, he had informed them that they were mistaken and he was not. It was a cruel humiliation! It was almost more than he could bear. Had he not better take the very next train and flee from the presence of these fair witnesses of his degradation? His loyalty toward Nora intervened between this proposition and himself, and then the remembrance that the young ladies knew his name put an effectual stop on its consideration. They would be interested enough in hearing the rest of the story to inquire all about him, and if he fled now he would remain forever under the imputation of being an impertinent intruder. He had better face the difficulty. It was a very commendable characteristic of Esmond that he faced all difficulties at once.

He returned to the clerk's desk, obtained another room, telegraphed to Sandy Hook for his trunk, and then sent the following note by a hall-boy to the young ladies in room 42:

"Esmond Drury presents his regrets to the Misses Darcy for his mistake as to room 42, and requests the privilege of assuring them personally that he was not an intentional intruder."

When this note reached the Misses Darcy, their father, Manton Darcy, of 7—Exchange Place, was in room No. 42 with them, having arrived from the city on the 6.30 train, and being now somewhat nervously and abstractedly trying to master the contents of a fourth edition, varying his efforts frequently by a savage stride across the room, or a frequent and always eager consultation of a telegraphic dispatch which he kept clutched in his hand. The daughters of Mr. Darcy knew this state of mind on the part of their father too well to disturb it. Stocks had often given him such a turn as this, and he had always come out all right. Nevertheless, Miss Nelly, the elder, more than once looked toward him with an anxious glance. When the hall-boy brought in this note on the customary silver platter, Mr. Darcy happened to be near the door in one of his turns, and he took it.

"Why, girls," he said, suddenly, "what the devil does this mean? 'His mistake as to room 42.' 'Not an intentional intruder.' What sort of a transaction is this?"

The girls were unusually demure this evening, Mr. Darcy had observed. They had been whispering together in a shy way ever since he had arrived, and he had not failed to notice, amid all his business perturbation, that there was some girls' secret between them. But he did not bother himself much about it. It was some little surprise that they were preparing for him doubtless, as they had prepared many before, and it would be a cruelty for him to interfere. He had vaguely hoped that there was no money to be expended in it. That was the main thing just now, especially with this unexpected rise in stocks. When this note came he connected it at once with the supposed secret, and in that connection the secret looked bigger than he had expected.

"What does all this mean, Eleanor?" he asked, in dismay. "We must allow of no impertinence on the part of adventurers here, you know."

"Well, really, papa," said the elder, quietly, "the gentleman seemed to be in real earnest."

"And so much of a gentleman, too," added the other.

"Bother!" said Mr. Darcy, sharply. "How do you know he was a gentleman? These scapegraces can put on the most innocent air in the world when they mean the infernal villainy."

"But he was really distressed."

"All put on," said Darcy, impatiently. "It's all a game. Some of these disreputable people would stick at nothing to secure a speaking acquaintance, and compromise you in some way—when you've got money, you understand!"



"But, pa," replied Eleanor, sharply, "don't you suppose we know a real gentleman when we see him?"

Mr. Darcy's face flushed with anger as he replied:

"How do you know him? By his clothes? Some of the most dressy men at the Branch are dealers of faro, and the most innocent-faced rascals that promenade the verandas call the numbers at roulette. You may know a gentleman occasionally, but you know the company he keeps, and his business, and family, at the same time. My opinion is that this exceedingly gentlemanly young man is no more nor less than a 'roper in,' if you know what that is, and he is trying the confidence game on you, just as he, doubtless, has often done on the green countrymen in town."

"O papa!"

"I can hardly believe it."

A knock came at the door, and a hall-boy appeared.

"Well, what is it?" said Mr. Darcy, capriciously.

"Mr. Drury, sir, desires an answer to his note."

The two young ladies clasped their hands in affright at the storm that seemed likely to break forth through this persistency of the young gentleman.

"Mr. who?" cried the old gentleman.

"Mr. Drury, sir."

"Why, bless my soul, is it Mr. Drury?" he said, whirling his chair round to face the young ladies, and referring again to the note. "Mr. Drury—Esmond Drury! Why in the world did you not tell me this before? Please ask Mr. Drury to walk up. Stay! Just say to him that Mr. Darcy sends his compliments and would be pleased to have his company here. That will do. Bless me, Esmond Drury!"

And the great broker rubbed his hands quite satisfactorily.

The two girls had no time to ask questions. Two exclamations sufficed to discover their feelings over this sudden veering of the wind.

"Surely you are not going to ask him up here, papa, and we in this fix?"

"Not dressed at all, and our hair in such a bundle!"

Then the two flew about the room righting things here and there, rescuing a summer-hat from the sofa, hiding away a shawl and a parasol that had been sprawling over an ottoman, and dusting a chair or two as they sped, not neglecting, in the mean time, to take sundry sharp glances at themselves in the mirror, and rapidly twirling a curl here or smoothing out a braid there.

"Dear, dear!" said Nelly, petulantly, "if I could only put on that other bow at the throat!"

"And I," said Mamie, "would give any thing just to put my hair up right."

During all this scramble Mr. Darcy, as if to doubly aggravate the torture of the situation, had held the door open, and stationed himself therein, in order to welcome the coming guest. Esmond very promptly made his appearance, and at once announced himself to the expectant Darcy.

"I suppose," said he, when the introductory civilities were exchanged, "that these young ladies have made you acquainted with the very annoying circumstances under which I intruded into this room."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Darcy, with an unusually solemn manner, receding slowly from his stand at the doorway: "they have told me about it."

The stiff dignity which Mr. Darcy had suddenly assumed was unaccountable to his daughters, and for a moment they feared that a disagreeable scene was imminent. It seemed impossible from their stand-point that the Mr. Drury who then presented himself could be the Mr. Drury of whom their father had had such affectionate remembrance a few moments ago, or else why such a cool reception of him? They did not fully understand the human nature which pervaded Mr. Darcy's composition.

"I hope, then, sir, you will permit me to assure them how utterly unintentional of any intrusion I was on that occasion, and to inform them how the mistake occurred."

"Certainly, sir," said the elder gentleman, with a bow; "but you will understand me, I hope, when I say that, not having the pleasure of your acquaintance—"

"My name is Esmond Drury, sir," said Esmond, gravely. "I hope the unfortunate intrusion would have explained itself if you had known me."

Mr. Darcy coughed, preliminary to the introduction of a little bit of emotional acting, which he deemed the occasion called for.

"Are you a son of Henry J. Drury?"

"Yes, sir."

"Henry J. Drury, of Broad Street, the banker?"

"I am his son, sir."

"Well, I am heartily glad to know you," cried the elder, with well-affected astonishment. "Your father and I are old friends—have been old friends in business for years. Come in and be seated. My daughters, Eleanor and Mary.—Dears, this is Mr. Drury—Mr. Esmond Drury—son of my friend the eminent banker, of whom you have so often heard me speak.—Esmond was your mother's name, I remember. And I remember the wedding very well. But I really never thought my friend Drury had a son as large as you!"

#### IV.

ESMOND expressed himself delighted at finding an old friend of his father in Mr. Darcy, and was the more delighted, he said, as that fact gave him a better opportunity to explain the ridiculous error which led to his unpleasant intrusion upon the young ladies.

"Never mind," said Mr. Darcy, boisterously. "We do not need any explanation. We had thought it might be some scamp or other—"

"Why, papa!" said Nelly.

"Oh, no," said the father, changing his boisterous manner to his sly laugh and a familiar nod at Esmond—"no, no, I'm wrong. These sly pussies never thought it was a scamp. They said all along that it was a gentleman. They professed to be able to tell one at the Branch simply by his appearance."

And the old gentleman gave a boisterous laugh, ending up suddenly with a sharp cough, and a rapid recurrence in the interval to his telegraphic dispatch again.

"A rather uncertain rule, I should think, in most cases," said Esmond.

"Just what I told them," burst forth Mr. Darcy, with another laugh; "some of the gentlemen of the club, for instance—eh, Drury?"

"I hardly think the appearance always indicates the gentleman, but am, nevertheless, grateful to the young ladies that they did not mistake me for a ruffian bent on mischief."

"We did not imagine any thing so hard as that about you for a moment," replied Nelly; "and, since papa is satisfied, we do not know that there is the least reason for making any more elaborate explanation."

"But, for my own satisfaction," said Esmond, turning brightly toward Nelly. "I had become dreadfully bored by the Branch, having been here two days, and finding no one to whom I felt sufficiently attached to make existence a social pleasure, and I determined to leave. I then occupied this room, and gave orders to have my trunks taken down and a seat held for me in the omnibus at five o'clock for New York. I paid my bill, and, as there were several hours intervening, I went to the beach and took a bath. Well—in fact, I forgot all about having vacated the room, and was utterly astounded to find it occupied."

"Then," said Nelly, quietly, "your explanation amounts to this—you forgot."

"In fact, yes," said Esmond, somewhat abashed, "but there were circumstances of which I hesitated to speak, which conspired to make me forget."

"Ah," said Mr. Darcy, "the great rise in North Atlantic, perhaps? By-the-way—" and Mr. Darcy seemed upon the point of foregoing all further explanations just for a moment's confidential interchange on the state of the market, but he stopped suddenly and took a sharp turn across the room in place of finishing the sentence.

"We moved in but an hour or two ago," said Nelly, "understanding that a gentleman had just vacated the room, and your explanation is consequently quite satisfactory."

"To forget, I fear," said Drury, "is hardly a sufficient reason. But, in truth, at the beach I became witness to a sight that rendered me for hours afterward entirely oblivious of time."

"Ah," said Mr. Darcy, raising his eyes from his dispatch. "What was that?"

"I saw a young girl sinking in the breakers, throwing her arms wildly to Heaven in supplication and calling frantically on deaf man for help—her voice and gestures lost in the surly roar and the upheaving breakers of the sea—"

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Darcy.

"I saw that sight, sir, and when it was over, all thoughts of my change of quarters and departure for New York had gone out of my head!"

"Upon my word, this must be looked to," said Mr. Darcy. "The undertow is dreadful here, I'm told. And who was she? do you

know? The daughter of one of our wealthiest citizens, probably. Did she drown?"

"No. She was rescued and brought to shore, but after such moments of anguish as I dread to recall."

"Saved, eh? By the bath-keepers, I presume. Noble fellows, some of those bath-keepers. For men in their condition of life, I don't know any class so worthy of—"

The two young ladies had been startled at Esmond's impassioned warmth as he began to speak, but when the matter of his story unfolded itself, Mamie half rose to her feet, and Nelly, with a pale, anxious face, and arms half extended, leaned forward from her seat, as her father spoke. However, Nelly, too, rose to her feet, and spoke excitedly.

"No," she said; "it was not by the bath-keepers. Some young man was swimming near, and he saved her."

"Bless me! what do you know about it?" interrupted Mr. Darcy, in wonder. Nelly had felt the sharp pull of Mamie's hand on her dress, and was recalled from her excitement.

"We—we heard of it," she stammered.

"Go on, Mr. Drury," said Darcy; "go on, this becomes quite interesting."

"As Miss Darcy says, sir, she was brought to shore by a young man who was bathing at the time, and I saw them no more. But, as I tell you, I was deeply interested, and must confess that I hoped to see the young lady again, to know at least that she had fully recovered from her fright and exhaustion—"

"Ah, ha!" interposed Mr. Darcy, with a harsh laugh, "you felt a little romantic over it, I suppose—but you forgot that she belonged to the other gentleman. There's justice in romance, you must remember, and to the rescuer belongs the rescued."

"Yes—yes!" said Esmond, stammering.

"I thought of that, too—but then—"

"Well?"

"Well, she could not be seen any more, and while I sat in the summer-house and waited—"

"Expecting to see her in every carriage that rolled by, I presume," broke in Mr. Darcy, with his disagreeable laugh, "hoping to detect your unknown in every golden-haired maid that sauntered along the beach—"

"I must confess that some such fancy crossed my mind," said Esmond, lightly. "But I have told you and the young ladies more than I intended. I found that my room was vacated at my order, and that I was wrong when I so persistently insisted that you were; so I beg your pardon, and will bid you good-evening."

"But, Mr. Drury," said Mamie, with a flush of excitement on her features, "you cannot break off your romance in this manner. Pray, tell me who did save the young lady?"

Esmond stopped half-way to the door.

"I can only tell you who had the happiness and good fortune of bringing her to the shore. As to saving her, any other possibly might have come to her rescue, but I was nearer than the rest."

"Then you saved her?" said both girls, excitedly, with an eager movement forward.

"Yes!" replied Esmond, with a slight smile. "I had that happiness, and now you can probably understand better than my rather bare story could have informed you why I was so abstracted as to mistake my room. I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you again, ladies, and you, Mr. Darcy!"

"Yes, yes!" said Darcy, eagerly, as he accompanied Drury to the door. "You saved her, eh? A perfect hero you must be, Drury, a regular hero of romance. We will certainly see you again. We walk on the veranda every evening. Yes, yes. Good-evening."

Esmond lifted his hat and was gone. Darcy gazed a moment after his handsome figure, as it strode down the corridor, then withdrew inside, and pettishly slammed the door to. "He can gallivant out here," he said, petulantly, "rescuing young women from drowning, while his Christian father works corners in railroad-stocks in Wall Street, and ruins his friends! Damn—!"

He stopped as Nelly and Mamie both sprang in surprise toward him, and gazed abstractedly at them for a moment as if he had been unconscious of their presence. He waved them off with a painful smile.

"It's nothing, nothing," he said, in reply to their unspoken inquiries. "A gallant fellow, isn't he, Nelly?"

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"Rich—rich as Midas—that was the rich man in the classics, wasn't it?" and the painful smile again clouded his face. "Well, he's rich as Midas, and his father is the best business-man I ever saw."

"Yes," said the two girls, uncertain of the meaning their father could put upon all this.

"A good catch, Nelly," he said, suddenly, with a harsher voice.

"O papa!"

"A d—d good catch!" he said, with teeth closely set. "Do you understand that?"

"Why, papa, what can have come over you?" cried Nelly, in alarm.

Mr. Darcy brushed his hand across his face with a weary motion, and the painful smile had vanished. There were two heavy furrows where the smile had been, and ten years of age imprinted in those ten minutes on his face.

"Daughter, look at that. Is it all Greek to you? I s'pose it is. Well, it's all agony to me. Let me translate it for you."

And he showed her the telegraphic dispatch, on which, after the address, were written these hieroglyphics: "North A., 96; S. Minn., 83; gold, 112½.—AKERS."

"It is all Greek to me, father," said Nelly, plaintively, with an anxious look into his strangely worn face.

"Ha, ha!"—a painful laugh. "Well, here's what they mean: 'North A., 96,' means Northern Atlantic, 96—that is, that the stock of the North Atlantic Railroad is selling at ninety-six cents on the dollar. These are curbstome quotations after hours, you know, but they are unerring indications—"

"Yes, father."

The voice of the broker had become husky and labored as he proceeded, and he

had stopped to brush his hand across his eyes again.

"You understand that, Puss? Well, 'S. Minn., 83,' means that South Minnesota is at 83; and 'gold, 112½,' means that gold is at 112½. All outside quotations, you know."

It was still Greek to Nelly, but she tried to assume for her father's sake that she knew it.

"Yes, outside," she said.

"Curbstome," said Darcy, absently; then, suddenly, with set teeth, "Confound these curbstome quotations—they sound the market like a plummet!"

Nelly could only look wise, and wonder.

"But now you will understand," said he, again, with sudden vehemence, and he crushed the telegram in his hands. "I have just sold thirty-three thousand shares of North Atlantic stock at 93½—sold 'em this morning to be delivered to-morrow; and whom do you think I sold 'em to?"

Nelly could only look her wonder.

"To nobody else but Drury himself—Henry Drury, the father of this gallant young fellow, Esmond—sold 'em at 93½, and they have already gone up two and an eighth since I made the sale, and will keep on going up till every share of stock in the market is in Drury's hands. Do you see the trouble now?"

"You have lost—"

"Lost? I don't know what I haven't lost. It may be fifty thousand dollars before to-morrow, unless I can strike the market again. It's terrible!"

"Not so terrible, father," said Eleanor, anxiously. "We can retrench. We can go back to our own home and live cheaper."

"No, no!" replied the father, petulantly. "That would never do. That would eternally ruin my credit at once. I may be able to stave it off by borrowing, and a lucky margin may put me on my legs again to-morrow. I think I'll have a chance at a corner in Erie soon"—and his eyes wandered away abstractedly for a moment, as if calculating the chances in that corner—"but, but I want you to be a little—a little—kindly, you know, to young Drury—kind o' win his fancy—"

Nelly drew back instinctively.

"He might prove a catch for you," persisted the father, harshly, "and he would, too, if you put your mind to it."

"O father!"

"And it would be a good thing for me, too," he continued, resenting his daughter's reluctance—"a devilish good thing for me. There are hearts in railroad-stock as well as every thing else, and it would be a noble alliance, in a business way, for me."

The old man clinched his hands, but at that moment Eleanor looked up, and, seeing the anguish in his face, smiled faintly.

"Of course you see it that way," he said, gayly. "I knew you would. Besides, he's a gallant fellow—a perfect hero of romance, whom you girls ought to fall in love with on sight. And, as for that other girl whom he rescued from drowning, why, never mind her—some common hussy, no doubt, or she would not have ventured to bathe alone at a public beach.—There, now," he said, after a slight pause, coaxingly, "we'll go down for a

walk on the veranda to-night. It's going to be beautiful weather, and you are both looking so well. We'll meet a number of friends, and I want you to look your brightest.—And you, Nelly, I wish specially that you would wear that diamond rose in your hair, that becomes you so well."

CHARLES GORE SHANKS.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

## "UP LAUREL."

WHEN, after much deliberation, Louise Chalmers and her brother decided to take a holiday, it became an important secondary question where that holiday should be spent. Though they lived in a quiet boarding-house on a quiet street in Baltimore, these young people were Carolinians; and, as soon as the word holiday was mentioned, they looked at each other, and uttered with one accord another word—home!

"Do you remember," said Louise, "the mountains where we always spent the summer when we were children? O Paul! should you not like to go there?"

Paul's pale cheek flushed.

"I remember very well," he answered, in a low voice, and his clear eyes looked wistfully out of the window, as if he would fain wander away in search of that lost, happy childhood—a childhood which seemed like another existence to the young cripple on his couch of pain. "To think that I should ever have climbed mountains, waded streams, and robbed birds'-nests!" he said, with a faint, sad smile. "It would certainly be pleasant to go back and look at the Arcadia where such things were possible—but the question is, Bonniel, can we afford it?"

"Oh, I think so!" replied Louise, with all her heart in her voice. "It will cost a good deal to get there, but, when once we are there, living is ideally cheap."

So it was decided that they would go—a foolish decision, no doubt, since their means were exceedingly limited, and they could have found many cheap and pleasant resorts near at hand. But who has not occasionally taken pleasure in being imprudent, in giving the reins to self-indulgence, and turning one's back on the counsels of economy? Both Paul and Louise were longing for the wild, sweet beauty, the absolute repose and freshness of those green Carolina mountains they had once known so well, and, with the improvidence of poverty, they determined to gratify this desire. A golden August day found them at the end of their long railroad journey, standing before the door of the stage-coach which plies between Old Fort, at the foot of the Blue Ridge, and Asheville, beyond it. Paul having been established, with air-cushions and pillows, in a corner of the back-seat, Louise went into the hotel for a missing satchel. When she returned the landlord had stepped away, and there was no one to assist her into the coach. Now, there are few things more difficult, from a feminine point of view, than an ascent into a stage-coach; and so she hesitated, uncertain whether to spring desperately or call for a chair.

While she hesitated, a voice behind her said, "Will you allow me to assist you?"

She turned quickly. The speaker was a tall, dark gentleman, who seemed slightly amused by her embarrassment. There had been something kind and frank in the voice which the face seconded very well. It was not a handsome face—rather a plain, strong one—but its very plainness and strength were reassuring. Louise, who would have drawn back, and uttered a cool "No, thank you," to a handsome butterfly of fashion, looked up with her soft eyes, and, smiling, said, "If you will be so kind," to this man.

He assisted her into the high-swung vehicle with a skill which is very different from mere strength, handed her basket and satchel after her, then asked Paul if he could do any thing to render him more comfortable. "I am going on top," he added, after the young man had replied in the negative, "but, if I can be of service to you in any way, pray do not hesitate to call upon me."

"What a considerate person!" said Louise, as he drew back to allow a stout woman and two peevish children to be hoisted in. "Who is he, Paul—do you know?"

Paul tossed a card in her lap.

"He gave me that in the hotel," he said, "after speaking to me in the kindest possible manner. It will tell you all that I know about him."

George Dunwardin was the name on the card—one altogether unknown to Louise. She had a theory with regard to the fitness of things, however, and the name seemed to suit, in a certain subtle fashion, the person who bore it. She thought this, with a smile, as the coach set forth on its jolting way, but the many discomforts of her position soon banished Mr. Dunwardin from her mind.

It is a beautiful road, that which for six miles leads directly to the summit of the Blue Ridge through Swannanoa Gap, but it is also a very rough road—so rough that one is tempted to doubt whether one will arrive whole or in pieces at the end of it. To see Paul's pale face distorted with pain as the heavy coach jolted and swung to and fro over the stones of all sizes and shapes which covered the road, seemed to Louise almost more than she could bear. With tender hands she drew his head down on her shoulder, and heaped shawls and cushions around him, but with little effect. After a while his very lips turned white, and she knew that he had fainted.

It was no uncommon thing in the paroxysms of great anguish which sometimes came to him, but just now she was unstrung, and for a moment lost her self-control. She put her head out of the window and called, asking the driver to stop.

"My brother has fainted," she said; "I must have water."

There was a tense chord in her voice that, even before the driver drew up his horses, made George Dunwardin spring to the ground.

He hurried round to the window, and, leaning in, felt Paul's pulse. Then he looked at Louise.

"There is no danger," he said. "Don't be alarmed. Have you any thing in which to get water?"

One of the other passengers anticipated her by handing a cup, which Mr. Dunwardin filled from a clear stream running quickly along by the side of the road. With this he bathed Paul's face, and gave him a liberal dose of the medicine which Louise produced. Before long the young man revived, and opened his eyes languidly.

"Dear, have I frightened you?" he said. "I am so sorry!"

"He will do now," said Mr. Dunwardin, cheerfully. "But, if you will let me take your place, Miss Chalmers, I think he may do better. I am stronger and better able to sustain him. One of these gentlemen"—looking at two insiders—"will, no doubt, give you his place, and take mine on top."

"I cannot think of troubling you," said Louise, eagerly, as one of the insiders in question immediately rose. "My brother is accustomed to me, and I am quite able—"

"If you will excuse me," said Mr. Dunwardin, looking at her, "you are not able at all. Pardon me if I press my services. Mr. Chalmers, I am sure, will accept them."

Mr. Chalmers indicated an assent. "He is right, Louise," he said. "You are tired, and the motion of a coach always makes you sick."

So Louise was reluctantly forced to resign her place, and Mr. Dunwardin took it. He proved so good a nurse—at once strong and gentle—that Paul was able to bear much better the remainder of the terrible six miles. When they reached the top of the gap, and horses and passengers together drew a long breath of relief, he declared himself so much better that he urged Mr. Dunwardin to return to his place on top.

"I wish you could take poor Louise with you," he said. "A little fresh air would do her good."

"Paul, you know I would not leave you," said Louise, quickly.

"But you can do nothing for me," said Paul, "and the worst of the road is over now. If Mr. Dunwardin will arrange my cushions, I shall do very well, and perhaps go to sleep."

"Don't you think you had better come on top for a little while?" asked Mr. Dunwardin, looking at the pale, gentle face with a great deal of kindness in his glance. "It will make you feel better."

"Go, Louise—pray go!" said Paul, earnestly.

So, again with reluctance, Louise consented, telling herself that it was very good of Mr. Dunwardin to take so much interest in her when she had no prettiness or fashion to commend her to his notice. She did feel very much better when she was elevated on the deck-seat of the coach, breathing the air which was a very elysium of softness and freshness, and feasting her eyes on the outspread glory of the fair mountain landscape. Her companion was pleased to see the animation that came into her face.

"Thank you for bringing me," she said to him. "How lovely every thing is! How I wish Paul could be here! It would make him think so much of the dear old times."

"You know this country, then?" asked Mr. Dunwardin.



"My home—at least, one of my homes—used to be here; but I have not seen the mountains before in years."

"Your brother tells me that you live in Baltimore."

"Yes, but we are Carolinians. I am an artist," she went on, looking up at him with a certain graceful dignity; "at least I try to be. Therefore, I hope to unite business with pleasure in coming here this summer."

"It is a beautiful and almost an unknown country," said Mr. Dunwardin. "The very place for an artist, I should think."

He said nothing more than this, but Louise, whose perceptions were very quick, felt that she had not suffered in his estimation by the statement just made. His manner lost none of its kindly courtesy—indeed, she perceived that it gained a shade of added interest—and when he turned the conversation to art in general, and the writings of Ruskin and Hamerton, she found that she had a cultivated as well as pleasant companion.

It followed that she was soon thoroughly at ease with him. More than once he descended from the coach to see if Paul needed any thing, but he insisted that she should remain aloft, and since Paul joined in the request, she was glad enough to obey. As afternoon passed softly into evening, and deep, purple shadows began to wrap the encircling mountains, it was pleasant to overlook fair valleys and crystal streams, dark-blue heights and deep gorges—pleasant to watch the tints of sunset casting their glow over the great crest of the Black Mountains, and the scarcely less imposing peaks of Craggy—pleasant to see the gorgeous colors die out of the west, and the silver lustre of a new moon reign in the violet sky.

The night was considerably advanced when they reached the lovely valley of the Swannanoa, with the fairy river brawling over its rocks. The faint moonlight touched lightly, yet with exquisite effect, the drooping trees and tangled vines that fringed its course, while the music of its voice filled all the summer night. To Louise it was the voice of an old and dearly-beloved friend. All the happy days that she had spent by the side of this pearl of rivers came thronging back to her. If Paul had been sitting by her she would have said, at every turn, "Do you remember?" As it was, she fell into silence, and her companion did not disturb her by any attempt at talk. In this way they journeyed on until they reached those green and softly-swelling hills which Asheville crowns.

The next morning Mr. Dunwardin greeted the two young people like an old friend, and as they sat together after breakfast on an upper piazza of the hotel, he ventured to ask what their plans were. These were briefly told. They intended to take lodging at some farm-house in the neighborhood of Asheville—perhaps at that ideal hostelry known to all travelers in Western Carolina as "Alexander's on the French Broad."

"I should like to go there," said Louise. "I must write and ask if we can obtain rooms."

"You need not take that trouble if you will allow me the pleasure of rendering you a

slight service," said Mr. Dunwardin. "I shall go down the French Broad to-morrow, and probably stop for a day or two at Alexander's. I can, therefore, make arrangements for you."

This offer was accepted with thanks, and it soon transpired that Mr. Dunwardin was engaged in mining affairs, and had been drawn to Western Carolina by accounts of the great mineral wealth of the region. He was now on his way to verify some of these accounts. Paul looked a little grave when he heard where he was going. "To Laurel?" he said. "Do you know that the settlement along that river bears a black name for the lawless, desperate character of its inhabitants? I hope you don't mean to go alone."

"Yes, alone," answered Dunwardin, carelessly. "One or two gentlemen, interested in the matter as well as myself, were to have met me here, but they have failed to do so, and I cannot afford to lose the object of my journey because they have failed. I shall go alone, therefore."

"There may not be absolute danger," said Paul; "but people here will tell you how the name of the Laurel settlement sounds in civilized ears."

"Why do you endeavor to frighten Mr. Dunwardin by telling him such things?" asked Louise. "I dare say the Laurel people are slandered."

"You do not think that your beloved mountains can harbor any thing wrong," said Paul, smiling. "By-the-by, you have not been out yet to look at them. Put on your hat and go at once. No rebellion! I insist upon it—and perhaps Mr. Dunwardin may like to go with you."

"Should you?" said Louise, turning to Mr. Dunwardin.

That gentleman answered that nothing would give him greater pleasure; so they went out together, climbed the rolling hills over which the town is scattered, and saw the blue mountains spreading afar, range upon range, like azure billows. The child-like delight of Louise pleased her companion even more than the bright beauty of the scenes to which she directed his attention with an air of pride and proprietorship that was amusing. Now and then tears rose into her eyes, and her voice stopped short with something suspiciously like a sob, but these April moods did not more than checker the sunlight of her pleasure.

"If only Paul could come," she said more than once, "how happy I should be! I could forget every other trouble under such a sky as this, and among such scenes as these."

"He might be driven out," said Mr. Dunwardin. "Let us bring him here this afternoon" (they were on the summit of that beautiful hill which is absurdly called Beaucatcher). "He could come in an easy-carriage."

"I fear he has not sufficiently recovered from the journey over the Gap," said Louise, hesitating.

"To-morrow, then?"

"But I thought you were going down the French Broad to-morrow?"

"A day more or less will not matter," answered her companion, carelessly.

An hour or two later, Louise came in and

stood by Paul's couch—her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining.

"Look what lovely flowers!" she said. "I gathered them in *our* dell, and to-morrow you shall gather some for yourself. That kind Mr. Dunwardin has gone to see if he cannot find a *very* easy carriage in which you could be driven out to Beaucatcher and see—oh, think of it, dear!—all the blue mountains that you love so well."

That kind Mr. Dunwardin found what he wanted in the way of a carriage, and the expedition on the following day was altogether a success. When the brother and sister came down to breakfast the next morning, however, it was to find their pleasant acquaintance arrayed in traveling-costume, ready to bid them good-by.

"The coach for the Warm Springs leaves in a few minutes," he said, "and I shall go in it as far as Alexander's. Miss Chalmers, when do you wish to go down to the latter place?"

"Whenever we are sure of finding rooms," Louise answered. "If there are any to be had, and it would not trouble you too much to send a line to that effect by the coach up from the Warm Springs this evening, we might go down to-morrow."

"I think I can undertake that responsibility," said Mr. Dunwardin. Then he shook hands, waived all thanks, and departed.

In the course of the day Louise discovered that she missed him, and said as much to Paul when she came in from a solitary walk.

"How soon one grows intimate with people in traveling!" she said. "But, then, Mr. Dunwardin was a particularly pleasant person, and must have been a particularly kind person to have paid so much attention to us."

"You speak as if we were beyond the pale of kindness," said Paul.

"I should be ungrateful if I thought that, but, again, I should not be grateful if I did not feel that we have never—since we became 'poor but respectable,' as story-books say—met such kindness as Mr. Dunwardin's."

"I like him very much," said Paul, "and I hope we shall see him again."

This wish was gratified sooner than the speaker anticipated. Instead of "a line" from Mr. Dunwardin, that gentleman himself arrived on the evening coach. He smiled at the look of surprise with which Louise greeted him.

"Don't you know," he said, "that Alexander's is only ten miles below Asheville? I reached there before eleven o'clock, and left after five. That gave me a day in which to discover that it is a delightful place, to arrange my plans, and to engage your rooms."

"You have engaged them, then?" said Louise. "How good of you!"

"Good of me? Not at all. I did not make them."

"But what has brought you back?" asked Paul. "I thought you only meant to take Alexander's *en route* to Laurel."

"Oh—several things brought me back," answered Mr. Dunwardin, nonchalantly. "I thought, for one thing, that Miss Chalmers might need somebody to take care of her on top of the coach to-morrow."

Miss Chalmers's eyes opened wide.

"Do you mean that you are going down the river again to-morrow?" she asked.

"Why should I not?" demanded Mr. Dunwardin, with the air of one put on his defense. "I thought it rather clever of me to come up, in order to tell you about the rooms, and have the pleasure of your society down to Alexander's."

"We think it something more than clever," said Louise. "You are very kind."

Paul echoed this opinion, but Paul also drew his own conclusions from the kindness. Just before Louise left him in his own room that night he took her hand and said, smiling yet wistful:

"Bonnie, what do you think brought Mr. Dunwardin back?"

"To go down with us to-morrow, beyond doubt," answered Bonnie, calmly.

"To go down with us! Don't you think it might be more accurate to say 'to go down with you?'"

"Paul!" Louise was so amazed that for a moment she could utter nothing more than that. Then a tide of bright color rushed to her face, and she looked at her brother reproachfully. "Paul, I am astonished, and ashamed of you!" she said. "Such a suggestion does not sound like you. Mr. Dunwardin is a kind-hearted, sensible man, with no nonsense about him—indeed, it would not be possible for any man to connect such nonsense as that with me. Don't say any thing of the kind again, dear, or you will make me constrained with him—and that would be a pity. Good-night."

"Yes, it would be a pity," Paul thought, "so I'll not say any thing more—but there's no harm in having an opinion, all the same."

This opinion became strengthened after they were settled at Alexander's, and Mr. Dunwardin still lingered with them—deferring his search after the precious metals which he had come to seek. A week passed—a week during the long, bright days of which Paul and Louise felt as if they had entered Arcadia indeed—the lost Arcadia of their childhood, which in this fair land had waited for them, with beauty and freshness undimmed. Who, that has once known, can ever forget the repose which seems to rest like a spell on the great Carolina hills, and

"On the spirit gentler lies  
Than tired eyelids on tired eyes?"

These hills, in all their blended softness and grandeur, inclose the narrow valley in which Alexander's is situated. Not more than twenty yards in front of the house the emerald current of the French Broad sweeps by, under drooping trees and towering cliffs, dividing a little lower around a lovely islet. On the leaf-shaded upper piazza of the house Paul would lie for hours quite content, listening to the ceaseless refrain of the river, and watching the shifting lights and shadows on the splendid heights. Louise was often with him, but often, again, she went on sketching or botanizing excursions, accompanied by Dunwardin. Paul watched her with delight during these days. She seemed to grow "more like herself," he said—"prettier," other people said—with every hour.

Louise was the only person not conscious of this. It did not occur to her for the simple reason that she was preoccupied with other things, and personal vanity had long seemed to her something in which she had no share.

It was a sudden blow to her childlike enjoyment when Mr. Dunwardin said one day, with a calmness which in itself was amazing:

"I have grown to love you very much, Miss Chalmers, so much that I can ask nothing better in life than that you should put your hand in mine, and promise to marry me. You do not know a great deal of me, but perhaps you know enough to tell whether or not there is any hope for me."

They had been on a long excursion among the hills, and, at the time of this declaration, they were sitting together on a bold, picturesque bluff which overlooked the impetuous river and the long, green island it encircled. Louise glanced up, startled, half doubtful if she had heard aright. She had just emptied the ferns which she had been gathering into her lap, and they lay there, a green, feathery mass on her cambric dress.

"I—do not think I understand you," she said, blushing a vivid crimson.

"I am sure you do," Dunwardin answered. "I cannot well put it plainer. I love you with all my heart, and ask you to marry me. Is that clear enough?"

"Too clear," said Louise, with the color forsaking her face as quickly as it had rushed to it. "I am very, very sorry that you should care for me. I did not think such a thing possible, or I should not have seemed to encourage you, as very likely I have done."

"Encourage me!" repeated Dunwardin. "No, you have done nothing of that kind. You have simply been frank and natural, for which I am very grateful. The pleasant intimacy you have allowed me during the past ten days has been more to me than I can tell you. And you need not blame yourself for anything. No prevention would have availed in this case. I fell in love with you that first day on top of the stage-coach. One cannot reason or understand these things. I don't count it folly, and I am not sorry for it. Even if I cannot win you, I shall never forget that I have known you; but—O Louise, is there no hope?"

He leaned forward, the dark face flushing, the dark eyes passionately eager. But there was scant ground for hope in Louise's sad face and eyes full of regret.

"I am so sorry—so sorry!" she repeated, again. "But there is no hope, my friend, not any. I am not worth your regard, I am not suitable to you in any way, and above all I have no heart to give you."

"Ah!"—he drew a sharp breath—"you love some one else, then? I did not think of that."

"No," she answered, quietly. "I did love some one else, long ago; but it is all over now. He, the man to whom I was engaged, acted very unworthily. When we lost our fortune, he showed me that he desired his freedom, and I gave it to him. I did not regret him—how could I after that?—but my heart seemed to lose the power of ever loving again."

"It is impossible," said Dunwardin. "A

heart so gentle and tender cannot have lost the power to love. You may fancy that it is so, you may let the memory of that man blast your life until—it is too late; but I am sure that you can love."

"You know very little of me," she said, with a certain dignity. "I am no longer very young, and then my life is bound up in Paul's. But don't think me ungrateful," she went on, quickly. "I thank you with all my heart—"

"No, don't thank me," he interrupted. "Why should you? Even in loving you, am I not selfish? Do I not want to secure your presence for myself, your sweet face to light my life? But, since this is not to be, we will say no more about it."

They did not. He began at once to speak of the ferns, and, as they presently walked back to the house together, Louise caught herself wondering once or twice if that brief conversation had not been all fancy.

The brother and sister had no secrets from each other, and when Paul heard what had occurred, he was deeply disappointed. "I like him so much, Louise," he said, "I hoped you might have fancied him."

"Do you mean you would have liked me to marry him, Paul?" asked Louise, much surprised. "I did not imagine for a moment that you would."

"Why not?" asked Paul. "Do you think me so selfish I could not share you with some one else—some one with the will and power to brighten your life? Louise, if I only felt sure you did not refuse him on account of that other—you know whom I mean—I should be better satisfied."

"Then be satisfied," said Louise. "That other has gone out of my life and my thoughts completely. But I think I burnt up all the supply of passion which Nature gave me, and I have none left now, not enough to make the faintest blaze. You would have felt that I had done a shameful thing if I had returned Mr. Dunwardin's kindness by accepting him when I did not care for him, would you not? Yes, I am certain of it; and so, dear, there is nothing to regret, except that I should have been forced to pain one whom we like so much."

A day or two after this Mr. Dunwardin announced that he must make his long-deferred journey to Laurel. "I shall be back in a week or ten days," he said to Paul, who was regretting that he must go. "Of course, I cannot determine the time with absolute certainty. I have several places to visit, and you know it is impossible to obtain any clear idea of distance from the natives of this country."

"Pray be careful!" said the young cripple, earnestly. "Any one will tell you that the settlement is the most lawless in the mountains."

"I shall be careful," the other answered, smiling; "though, luckily, there is nobody depending on me if the good people of Laurel shall take it into their heads to dispatch me."

In this manner he departed, bearing himself to the last in a manner very unlike rejected suitors in general. He shook hands with Louise at parting, and bade her be sure and finish by his return a sketch of the place which she had promised him.

"Take care of yourself!" was the farewell adjuration of everybody; and so he rode away.

The allotted week of his absence passed uneventfully. The boarders at Alexander's were very quiet people. The transients came and went without exciting much attention: there was nothing to break the placid repose of a life that almost seemed to realize a lotos-eater's dream. Louise walked and read, and talked to Paul. In Asheville she had frankly said that she missed Dunwardin. Now she did not say so, and Paul, with a shrewdness beyond his years, decided that this was a good sign.

At the end of ten days the adventurous traveler had not returned, and another week passed without any sign of him. Paul was inclined to be uneasy, but the proprietor of the house pooh-poohed the idea of any harm having befallen him. "When those mining fellows set out they never know where to stop," he said. "I've seen too many of them with their pockets full of ores. Depend upon it, Mr. Dunwardin will turn up all right."

Louise said little, but as the days wore on there came an anxious look into her eyes, and in her walks she almost invariably followed the road down the river, as if she hoped to meet the returning wanderer. She looked and hoped in vain, however. The days slipped by, and the third week of his absence found September throned in golden beauty on the earth.

Then the brother and sister said to each other that they began to fear some harm had befallen their friend. Since he left Alexander's nothing had been heard from or of him. It was certain that he had gone alone into one of the wildest and least accessible as well as one of the most dangerous parts of the mountains, and it was impossible to deny that there was ground for uneasiness.

"If I were a man, like other men, I would go in search of him," said Paul.

"Woman as I am, I would go—if I had any right to do so," thought Louise.

Three more days of increasing anxiety passed. Then a thunder-bolt fell. It occurred late in the afternoon when Paul and Louise were sitting on their favorite end of the upper piazza, while on the one below several of the other guests were gathered. Immediately in front of the house ran the turnpike, along which two horsemen came riding briskly, and drew up before the gate. As they appeared in sight, Louise looked at them eagerly, but, perceiving that neither was the person she wished to see, she sank back with a sigh into her seat behind the vines. When they stopped, one of them uttered the customary country salutation—"Halloa!"

"No accommodation to-night," responded a voice from the piazza; "house full."

"I reckon you'll have to put us somewhere," said the first speaker. "We've come on a pertikler errand. Didn't you have a boarder here what went up Laurel on minin' business?"

"Mr. Dunwardin boarded here, and went up Laurel on mining business," replied the voice from the piazza. "What about him?"

"Well, a man's bin drowned up there, and some of the folks thinks it's him—that's all."

There was a quick volley of exclamations from the piazza below, but neither of the two above uttered one word. Louise's hand closed on Paul's like a vice, but she made no sound. She only leaned breathlessly forward, peering down through the green net-work of vines.

Two or three men went hurriedly down the short walk to the gate, and a conversation ensued, of which every word was audible on the piazzas. The matter, it seemed, stood briefly thus: the body of a drowned man had been found in Laurel, lodged against some driftwood which had accumulated in the middle of the stream. He was a stranger, and there was nothing found on him, by means of which he could be identified. Whether there had been foul play or not, no one could say; but there were no signs of violence, and the inference was that he had been drowned accidentally.

"You see there's been a pretty consid'able freshet in our part o' the country," said the narrator, "and all the waters has been monst'ous high."

"But how do you know that the drowned man is Mr. Dunwardin?" asked a voice.

"We don't know; we only s'pose so; and that's what we've come fur. Haan't he got no relations or friends here what could go and say whether it's him?"

"There are some friends of his here," said some one, hesitatingly.

And then there was a pause. Paul's voice broke it. He leaned forward and spoke clearly:

"Bring the man here, if you please. We are Mr. Dunwardin's friends, and we want to hear all about the matter."

The man was brought, and told his story again. The body, he said, was lying at his (the speaker's) house on the banks of Laurel, not very far from where that river emptied into the French Broad. All he wanted was that some one should come and identify it. "The kurroner's there," he said. "He'll tend to every thing else. All you've got to say is whether or not it's him."

Those around looked at each other. What could be said? Who could go? It was clearly impossible for Paul to do so. The journey down the French Broad would be terrible, the journey up Laurel much worse, to one like him. He felt this not less clearly than the others, and put his hand to his face with a low groan. "If I were but a man!" he said.

"Don't trouble, Mr. Chalmers, over what can't be helped," said his host, kindly. "I'll go. It's my duty to do so."

Louise turned quickly, and spoke for the first time.

"I thought you would go," she said; "and you'll take me with you—will you not?"

"There's no need for that—" he began, when she interrupted him.

"Yes, there is need. It is all that we can do for him, and he—ah, he did so much for Paul and me! I must go! Don't say any thing to dissuade me—only tell me when to be ready."

"We'd best start as soon after daylight as we kin," said the man standing by.

Very soon after daylight the next morning Louise bent over Paul, and kissed him a ten-

der good-by. He took both her hands and held them together.

"Keep heart!" he said. "It may be all a mistake. It may not be what we fear. I don't think he is the kind of man to be accidentally drowned."

"But he may have been robbed, and—murdered," said Louise. "Paul, I feel sure that it is he; and oh, my dear!"—and the great tears began to roll down—"I am so sorry that the only return I ever made for—for all his kindness was—was to give him pain."

"Never mind," said Paul, gently. "You did what you thought right, and he knew it."

"One often makes great mistakes about what is right," said Louise. Then she drew down her veil and departed.

Left alone, Paul sighed deeply. Despite his attempt to speak hopefully, he felt sure that the man who lay dead by the side of Laurel was the friend whom they had liked so well. He also felt sure that a partial revelation of her own heart had come to Louise during these weeks of absence, and he feared that Dunwardin's death would make that revelation complete. "If so, she will go through life bearing a hopeless burden of regret and self-reproach," he thought. "My poor Louise!"

At another time the journey down the French Broad to the mouth of Laurel would have been to Louise an occasion of pure delight. Nothing can be conceived more grand and at the same time more beautiful than this gorge. The cliffs tower hundreds of feet overhead; the splendid mountains rise heavenward crowned with an almost tropical verdure; the impetuous river rushes, whirls, and foams along the channel which it has torn for itself through the heart of the great hills; and the streams which come to swell its current are clear as clearest crystal. But to-day Louise saw none of these things—or else saw them without interest, as shapes in a dream. The ceaseless voice of the river, tearing madly over the immense rocks that strew its channel, lost all music to her ears; there was terror, not beauty, in the wildness of the gorge as it deepened toward the fatal waters of Laurel.

They traveled rapidly, and early in the afternoon Walnut Mountain—at the foot of which the Laurel flows into the French Broad—rose in sight. The first glimpse of the clear water of the former stream filled Louise with sadness beyond expression. As it sweeps between two lordly mountains, and empties into the tumultuous French Broad, it is a thing of beauty never to be forgotten, but she saw only horror in the swift flow of its translucent current. Turning, they followed a road which led along its banks, winding at the base of the overshadowing cliffs. How far they traveled Louise scarcely knew. To her it was all one terrible monotony of sounding water and towering rock, one great confused picture of the brightness, the greenness, the ineffable beauty of earth, from which one presence had forever departed. Her companion was kind, and during all the long hours said little to her. She had undisturbed time for reflection, and there were some thoughts from which she always afterward shrank—connected, as they were, with the



keen suffering of that fair, sad September day.

At last they reached the home of their guide—a substantial log farm-house situated in a valley, where the mountains reeded a little from the banks of the river. As they came in sight they perceived that it was evidently the scene of commotion and excitement. Horses were fastened to the fence, and under the trees men were lounging here and there; a group of women stood gossiping by the door. Louise turned so faint—that deathly faintness which comes only from the heart—that every thing grew black before her. She clutched her companion's arm.

"Please take me in at once," she said. "I cannot bear this suspense much longer."

So they went in at once—stopping to hear nothing, putting aside those who would fain have spoken.

"Only show us where the body is," said Louise's companion. "That is all we ask."

Some one led the way, and pushed open the door of a lean-to room. They entered, and the sick horror seized Louise again as she saw the outlines of a rigid figure extended on a bed, covered with a coarse sheet. But she was resolutely determined that she would not fail until all was over—until she knew. She held herself, therefore, in a powerful constraint, and walked steadily forward. As she lifted the thick veil which she wore, a man who was standing by the bed turned quickly around. For one breathless moment they faced each other. What was this? Had the dead risen? If so, the dead could speak, for this man cried:

"Louise!—for Heaven's sake, what has brought you here?"

Poor Louise! The revulsion was too great. All her self-control gave way suddenly, and she fell forward fainting in George Dunwardin's arms.

When she recovered it was to hear a story which can be more briefly related than it was told by Dunwardin on the banks of Laurel. In his mining expeditions he had been led farther into the mountains than he had anticipated, but had been abundantly rewarded for hardships and delays by finding all—and more than all—of which he was in search. On his way back to Alexander's he had been stopped by news of the drowned body—supposed to be his own—lying within this farmhouse. He identified it at once as that of a Methodist preacher whom he had met the week before among the mountains, and who had been, no doubt, accidentally drowned in attempting to cross the swollen stream.

"If I had traveled faster, if I had been a day earlier, I might have spared you all this," he said, remorsefully, in ending his story.

But Louise laid her hand on his.

"Don't regret your delay," she said, in her sweet voice. "No doubt it was best. I have suffered terribly, but if this suffering had not come, I might never have learned how much I love you."

And so, to this day, Dunwardin says that he won his wife "up Laurel."

CHRISTIAN REID.

## TEN DAYS WITH THE SEMINOLES.

### I.

SO jealously do the Seminoles hold themselves in seclusion that their existence is regarded by many writers as purely mythical. Of the thousands of people who annually visit Florida, not ten—rarely does one—get a glimpse of the swarthy red-man.

The waters of the St. John's, the mighty river which the Seminole once held as his own, is the winter resort of hundreds who little suspect, as they pass the forest-covered fields and mounds that the Indian once owned and cultivated, that the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants yet live in the State. Far down in the swampy Everglades a ruined and degraded people eke out a bare existence upon a tithe of the lands which their ancestors once claimed by right of conquest.

Few Northern men have ever visited them, so well have they covered the trails to their hiding-places.

No tribe—or remnant of a nation, rather—has preserved its blood so free from contamination as this. No tribe has so sacredly guarded its customs and dress from innovation as this.

Despite the changes and rude shocks which the war must have occasioned, the Seminoles have retained their old-time habits of speech, ceremonies, dress, and traditional rites of religion. They have adopted the dress and habits of the white man only in such a degree as will benefit them, but they cling to the primitive style of garb and speech that their chiefs and old women strove so zealously to preserve in the early part of the last century. They are, therefore, more interesting as a tribe than any other in the United States.

During the late war they maintained a strictly neutral position, though often approached with propositions that they should fight the Yankees. It is possible that they may break the bonds of caution that now restrain them, and dig up the hatchet so long buried, for they are subject to many persecutions by the white settlers who have penetrated into the unattractive Indian reserve.

It has been the writer's fortune to twice visit this people, which he did at much risk, and after incurring many dangers, and he has had very favorable opportunities for studying the red recluse in his own stronghold.

The Indian settlement near Lake Okechobee is about thirty miles from the Indian River, upon the Atlantic coast. Between the coast and the settlement, at the time of my first visit, there was but one white man's cabin, and this was some ten miles inland. From that cabin, one April morning, emerged the settler aforesaid and myself.

We mounted two tough stallions and turned their heads westward. My guide was owner of several hundred head of cattle, which roamed in a half-wild state through the woods and over the prairies, and these horses we were astride were especially trained for hunting those wiry cattle, and admirably fitted for our purpose.

We each carried a gun, a pint-cup, and a knife, and across our horses' backs were thrown two well-filled saddle-bags of provender for man, and two more of corn for beast.

A narrow trail led across the vast Alpatiokee Flats, following dry creek-beds, through cypress-swamps and saw-grass jungles, beneath gigantic pines, and through dense palmetto-shrub. We followed this Indian trail in a southwesterly direction, till we struck the saw-grass bordering the Black Cypress, a cypress belt of swamp nearly forty miles in length, but scarcely a mile in width. Through this swamp was a narrow, blind trail, carefully hidden, lest the white man should discover it.

The precautions the Seminoles had taken to guard it were useless, for my guide had trailed Indians in that very swamp years before, and it was to him as plain as noon-day. Dismounting, we attempted to lead our horses through it. Bleeding and torn, we emerged from the saw-grass, whose serrated edges had cut and gashed us, to enter the blackest swamp that ever defiled the face of Nature. The tall cypress grew high above our heads, excluding every ray of light. Long, trailing vines, and hooked, cruel-looking briars, hung athwart our path, and festooned every tree. The mud in which we struggled was black, and exceedingly soft and tenacious. Stagnant pools of slime-covered water gave lurking-places to numberless alligators and poisonous snakes, which latter reptiles untwisted themselves in dozens from the gnarled cypress-roots, and wriggled silently away after darting at us their forked tongues. It required the utmost vigilance to elude the snakes and the alligators, and the desperate leaps of our frightened horses, as we waded on ahead leading them by the bridle.

Never was daylight hailed more joyfully than by us at the moment we emerged from the swamp, and dragged our mud-covered horses out upon the solid ground. The Black Cypress was passed; a few miles over level prairie, and we saw the first habitation. This, then, was the Indian country. This was the last refuge of a persecuted tribe, this half-dozen miles of prairie, bounded north and east by the swamp; south and west by forests of pines.

The scene before me was of peaceful rest and happiness. The meadow-lark trilled his clear note from the grass as we rode along; the quail whistled merrily; and the wood-pecker tapped the aged pine. Paroquets flew by on golden wings, and the mysterious ibis winged his silent way overhead.

As we neared the village the entire population came forth to meet us, for those at work in the hammocks had been apprised of our arrival, and were there to greet us.

The shanties were grouped together, about thirty in number. They were simply constructed; four posts supported a pitched roof thatched with palmetto-leaves. Open at the sides and ends, a full view of the interior could be obtained. A raised platform of logs, three feet from the ground, was used to sleep upon, and hold the family treasures.

The people that surrounded me were

strange in appearance, and would have startled me by their strange disregard for clothing had I not already met some of the warriors hunting a few weeks previously.

The men are generally tall, well-shaped, and muscular, though there were exceptions. An old sub-chief, Tiger, who had fought us in the old Seminole War, was a good representative of the average Seminole. He was above medium height, broad-shouldered, with massive arms and legs like mahogany pillars worn smooth by many a brush with thicket and briar. Nose and lips were large, indicating that some remote ancestor may have been of negro extraction. His iron-gray hair was coarse, and straggled over a greasy bandana bound about his temples. The dress he wore may be taken as a specimen of that worn by all the adult males. Two ragged shirts of "hickory," or homespun, hung from his shoulders and reached nearly to his knees, the inner one a foot longer than the outer, and both exhibiting many a rent and tear. Breech-cloth and moccasins completed his attire. The most noticeable brave was young Charley Osceola, a descendant of the famous Osceola who caused the whites so much trouble forty years ago. He was about twenty years of age, tall, over six feet in height, with broad shoulders and finely-shaped limbs. Erect and proud, with the dignified bearing of a prince, he was my *beau idéal* of a brave. His eyes were small, black, and keen; nose straight, mouth small; hair thick, coarse, and black, with the changeable, metallic lustre of a raven's wing. This was shaven close at the sides of his head, leaving a ridge some two inches high on the crown, which ran from the forehead back like the crest of a helmet, spreading at the back of the head, and hanging in braids upon his shoulders. His dress was similar to Tiger's, though neater, without rents, and about his slender waist a broad belt confined his shirts.

The children were miniatures of the men; the boys deputed themselves with the same gravity and walked fully as dignified. Boys under fifteen wore, sometimes, a shirt; often, nothing at all.

How shall we describe the women?

They are indescribable. Some were beautiful as bronze Venuses; others as hideous and ugly as Sin in a cast-iron gabardine.

The girls and young squaws were much superior to their degraded cousins of the West in point of cleanliness and beauty, of medium height, with well-shaped limbs, and small hands and feet. Their faces were round; heads small; eyes large, black, and lustrous; nose small; mouth small and full-lipped. Their hair, long, black, and abundant, was gathered in a graceful coil at the back of the head, and worn short in front, after the prevailing fashion among Northern ladies a year ago. Their complexion was not so swarthy as that of the men, being a light brown where that of the latter was very dark. Altogether they were not repulsive—attractive rather. The older women were less prepossessing, as older women generally are.

All had low, musical voices, which, though not resembling "the singing of birds," as an old writer would have us believe, were very pleasant to the ear. I beg leave to except

the old hags who had lost their teeth, and those who chewed tobacco to excess.

Their dress was simple. Had it been simpler I could not have described it. It reminded one of the maiden who was arrayed in the full dress of becoming modesty and native innocence. A short cape adorned the shoulders; a short petticoat depended from the waist. A fine pair of *stillepikahs*, or moccasins, made of deer-skin dressed as soft as silk, encased their little feet and dainty ankles. Around their necks they wore a profusion of beads—coil upon coil of great glass beads. They would omit any portion of their attire sooner than these beads, which are of all colors, shapes, and sizes, and the accumulations of years. So long as there is space between the chin and breast, so long do they crowd in beads until the weight is burdensome. Some of these strings have been weighed, and turned the scale at twenty pounds. They are slaves to fashion, these untutored sisters. The only exception to the general style of dress was in the case of a young widow, who, according to the fixed and unalterable laws of the tribe, was permitted to wear no beads, no cape, no bustle, or polonaise. The law regarding widows is, furthermore, that they shall not leave camp for two years, nor comb their luxuriant hair during that period. If they pass the time of probation with credit, they may marry again.

To summarize in respect to dress: Children of both sexes under five cavorted about in a state of nature. The boys enjoyed this freedom, unrestrained, until ten or twelve years old; but the children of the softer sex donned a petticoat. At fifteen the boys arrived at the dignity of a shirt. The girls of that age had accumulated vast possessions of beads, and when turned sixteen were allowed to wear a cape.

Upon great occasions both men and women ornament themselves regardless of expense. The men disguise themselves in shirts of fine make, and long, flowing gowns of large-figured calico, embroidered elaborately and belted at the waist. Their legs are encased in fringed leggings, and their moccasins are shapely and highly ornamented. Around their heads they wind a large, gayly-colored shawl, making a huge turban, from which the fringe hangs gracefully. Heron and egret plumes are thrust into the hair, and from the neck are suspended huge gorgets of silver.

The women use a profusion of ribbons, bracelets, and beads. About their ankles they tie shells of the box-tortoise, which are bored with holes, so that they make a loud noise when struck together. They manufacture ear-rings from silver half- and quarter-dollars without any instruments for working save the most primitive.

These observations I made while surrounded by the motley crowd, and during my subsequent residence with them.

After a short rest, we were invited by Indian Parker, a sub-chief, to inspect his plantation. It was a mile away in the cypress hammock. Their houses are built in the pine-woods for health, while their gardens are in the more fertile, swampy hammocks.

His wife and children were hard at work

when we arrived, but desisted at the first intimation of visitors, washed themselves in a creek, donned their clothing, and gathered about us with offerings of the fruit of the place—corn and sweet-potatoes. The corn we roasted in the ashes, and ate the great milky ears with much satisfaction, though our sleeves did not brush away all of the clinging dirt.

It was in April, and Parker had corn six feet high, and pumpkins, beans, peas, and melons, in flourishing growth. All worked—men, women, and children. There were no shirks. This is a pleasing characteristic of the Seminole. He will hunt all the time that he can be spared from his plantation, but when the season of planting comes, the rifle and arrow are laid aside, and he takes up the hoe and axe. Labor is mutual. The warrior kills the deer and bear, skins it, prepares the meat, and brings it home or to camp. The squaw, sister, or daughter, dries and dresses the skin, smokes the meat for future use, and performs all the labor incident to the camp.

From Parker's plantation we went beyond, to that of Tiger, his father-in-law.

I had met Tiger two weeks previously. He had visited my camp and eaten me out of provisions. At the time of his visit I had enough food, with the game we shot, to last three weeks. He came with ten younger Indians, staid two days, and left behind him at his departure an impoverished party of two, my guide and myself, who were obliged to flee to civilization to avoid starvation. Tiger was one of the few I shall never forget. His feats had won upon me, I'll not say how. He welcomed me warmly, conducted me around his cornfield, and introduced me to his squaw, a hideous, bony old hag, with skinny arms and legs, and fingers like eagles' claws.

The language of the Seminoles is a curious mixture of Indian and bad English—a conglomeration which only an experienced ear can understand. My guide always went upon the principle that you could make any foreigner (Indian included) understand you, provided you spoke loud enough. I could hear him when engaged in ordinary conversation a mile away. He would thunder out the worst English I ever heard in tones so loud that my ears would ring, and then would curse the ignorant aborigine for not understanding questions so clearly enunciated.

I append an excerpt of a conversation between Tiger and my guide. We wished to find Lake Okechobee, a wonderful, almost mythical lake, and Tiger knew the way there, but would not tell us:

Guide. "Okechobee, you savez?"

Tiger. "Hingkah" (Yes).

Guide. "Okechobee: me go: walkah (oxen) go: Yankee go?"

Tiger. "Hingkah. Walkah; me eatum: good!"

Guide. "No, you old fool; you know more'n you pertend. Walkah no slumpy-um-py; no sticky-icky in the mud, that's what I mean."

Tiger. "Haigh?"

Guide. "Oh, you old black-leg, you consarned old manatee! can't yer talk Istachatty (Indian), or do yer mean to go back on yer

native tongue? Why don't yer talk Yankee talk, and not such doggoned nonsense an' hog Latin? There! I'll give it up; the heathenish old chatty-micco can't un'stand Seminole no more'n a cracker."

Then turned Tiger to me and said:

"You humbuxj!"

I repelled, with scorn, the insinuation.

He repeated it:

"You lowkow! humbuxj!"

This assertion, made with such coolness, exasperated me, and I retorted by saying that I was not a low cow, but that he was a bull-hide of the lowest bovine order. Smiling, he seized me by the shoulders and faced me about so that my eyes focused upon a small shanty, beneath which was a small group of Indians, elbow-deep in several iron pots.

Like a flash of light it dawned upon me that humbuxj was, to eat. As I had eaten nothing since morning (it was now late in the afternoon), I lost no time in humbuxj-ing.

Here was an opportunity! Tiger had eaten me out at Alligator Creek; I would now have revenge. Revenge is sweet. Where was my guide? He had disappeared, and I must play a lone hand. Undaunted, I unbuckled my belt, laid aside my revolver, and joined the band of revelers.

There were three iron pots, and an Indian at each receptacle. In pot the first was "oafks," or thin drink, made by boiling corn with hickory ashes. It was too thin for me. It looked like a kettle of year-old dish-water. While I wondered how the huge spoon, which was as big as a baby's head, could be properly manipulated, a shock-headed urchin seized it, filled it with this delectable nourishment, drew it forth full, elevated it till the handle pointed toward the zenith, when the dish-water disappeared. The spoon was returned to the pot with a snoot of satisfaction, and the next Indian took it. After drawing the bowl of the spoon across the skull of an interloping youngster, and smiting a mangy cur in the ribs, he duplicated the performance and passed it to the other Indian, who did the same as the others. Then came my turn. I was hungry. I knew that, for I had ridden thirty miles, and had eaten nothing but corn since morning. But my appetite was gone. I forgave Tiger for devouring all my flapjacks. I promised myself to forget it. What was the loss of a little food? But I must eat, or lose my prestige. Gently I grasped the spoon, shuddered, gulped—lo! 'twas done.

The second kettle contained some thirty feet of sausage. If I knew the Indian name for sausage I would give it; but I don't, so forbear. One of my fellow-revelers would seize one end of the membranous rope, store away as much as his mouth would contain, and then, severing by a dexterous cut the adipose tissue, pass the end to the next. Sausage was never my favorite viand, and my refusal was couched in language more concise than elegant.

The third kettle contained small pieces of meat, boiled, very juicy, and savory.

My appetite returned. Tiger yet should suffer. The meat was tender; moreover, it

had a delicious flavor I had never found pork possessed of before. Of course it was pork—pork; it was not venison, nor common bear. I would obtain the receipt, and the next porcine quadruped that crossed my path should be offered up. To convince myself that it was pig, I said to my next neighbor, imitating the Indian style of conversation:

"Um: good, too much. Sho-ko-sal-iko?" (Shokosaliko is pig.)

"Um: no! Efä!" (Efä is dog.)

Probably a less-experienced traveler would have departed, convinced that the Seminole enjoyed his canine equally with the Chinaman. But I knew better (although my occupation was gone for the time); it was an Indian joke.

The Indian dog never arrives at the dignity of a roast. He is too poor; never acquires fat enough to make his skin pliable. So noted is his leanness, that it has become proverbial.

We afterward returned to the settlement, where I was assigned the chief's shanty as a special honor, old Tustenuggu being out on the hunting-trail. It in no way differed from the rest, and probably the round logs of my bed were just as hard as the others.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

## A FEW FRESH ANECDOTES.

OUR readers will probably recall the publication, a few years ago, of the memoirs of the famous English tragedian of the Kemble period, Charles Mayne Young, with extracts from the journals of his son, the Rev. Julian Charles Young. This volume was crowded with numerous anecdotes and reminiscences of distinguished people in English art, literature, and society, affording many very delightful glimpses of persons the world is never tired of hearing of. Since the publication of that volume, Mr. Julian Young has died, and we have now from the English press a supplementary volume, edited by his widow, entitled "Last Leaves from the Journal of Julian Charles Young," which brings the record down to the time of his death, two years ago. From this volume we glean a few anecdotes of well-known persons, and other passages likely to entertain the reader:

March 30, 1845.—I paid two or three visits during my stay in Paris, at his own request, to Lord Hertford. I breakfasted with him one morning, when he showed me over his magnificent hotel. After examining with delight his splendid collection of pictures, and china, and *vertu*, I was riveted by two enormous vases of Gros Bleu. I asked him their history. "Ah," said he, "I mean those for Bagatelle!" (his *campagne* in the Bois de Boulogne). "There is a curious circumstance connected with them. When I first gained possession of them, they were besplashed with human clotted blood. After the murder of the Duc de Praslin, I heard there was to be a public sale of his effects. Fearful that if once the emperor knew of these, which were among them, he would buy them, I went and offered a very large sum for them before the

sale. My offer was accepted, and I carried them off in my carriage, just as they were." While breakfasting with him I was made to feel how valueless wealth and station are without health. He wore a violet-velvet cap and gorgeous dressing-gown during the meal; but, though there were *cotelettes de mouton*, and quails, and other luxuries, he hardly ate of any thing! He sipped his Mocha and smoked his cigarettes, and looked wretched, and as if he would give the world for a new sensation. He asked me if I had seen his pictures in Manchester Square. I told him I had, and that Henry Meynell had taken me to see them. "I will give you a general order if you like," said he; but I did not care to go again, so did not remind him of his offer. The number and quality of his possessions, of which he is totally ignorant, is very noteworthy. He has pictures of inestimable value, some collected by his father, and some purchased by commission for himself, which he has never seen. One day he was walking with his chum, Cuthbert, when an English groom rode by on a splendid horse.

"Oh," said he, "I must have that horse! Let us jump into this *fiacre*" (he was standing by one on the Boulevard des Italiens), "and follow the man."

With some difficulty they kept up with him. At last Lord Hertford thrust his head out of the window and asked the groom, in English, whose horse it was.

"I'm not bound to tell you, am I?"

"No, but be civil; is it the emperor's?"

"No, it is not! If you must know, it belongs to the Marquis of Hertford!"

He knew neither his own horse nor his own groom!

Greenshields's statue of Scott, which stands placed at the end of the corridor in the Advocates' Library, from the crown of his lofty skull to the rude simplicity of his shoe-strings, is perfect. All the portraits I have seen, except Sir F. Grant's, give him a heavy, lowering look, which at all events is neither pleasing nor, I will add, characteristic. No doubt, when abstracted, or when music, in which he took slight pleasure, was going on, a cloud would come over his face; but I humbly maintain that, before his misfortunes fell upon him, the ordinary expression of his face was one of amenity, benevolence, and waggonery; and these qualities are legibly impressed upon the face which Greenshields has given him. I cannot say how important an accessory in recalling my recollection of him I found the apparel, for he proclaimed the man. My acquaintance with him was but of some ten days' duration, but of no man I have ever seen have I such a vivid recollection. I fancy I see his movements with his arms and his limp now, and that I hear his genial chuckle as Adam Ferguson moved him to mirth. His hearty laugh was as infectious as Sydney Smith's irrepressible guffaw. During the few days I was at Abbotsford I do not think ten minutes ever passed without a smile lighting up his face. What I have been rash enough to say of modern busts reminds me of a story I was told more than thirty years ago. Mr. Lyne Stephens, the father of the gentleman who married Duvernay,\* a man of large fortune and liberal ideas, gave an order to a well-known English sculptor, resident at Rome, for busts of the twelve Cæsars, stipulating that he should receive them within eighteen months. Two years having elapsed without the fulfillment of the condition, the patience of the

\* The celebrated *danceuse*.



patron became exhausted, and he wrote to his *protégé* to say that, if the twelve Cæsars whom he had bespoken did not reach him within two months from that date, he would not receive one of them into his house. The forfeiture of so valuable an order was a serious consideration with the artist, and having, when the threatening letter arrived, only completed eight of the Roman emperors, he impressed into his service the busts of four private gentlemen, which he had executed to order according to the received classic type, and dispatched them with the other eight as veritable Cæsars.

The anxiously-expected treasures happened to arrive at their destination when Mr. L. Stephens had his house full of company. When they had been carefully unpacked and deposited in the gallery, on pedestals which had long been prepared for them, the guests were taken by the host to see them. The names of each of the emperors having been written in pencil at the back of the bust, they were transferred to the pedestals, and lettered in gold, so that there was no difficulty in distinguishing them.

"This," said Mr. L. S., "is considered very fine. It is Marcus Aurelius. This is Commodus. This is Pertinax. This is Didius. This is Severus. This is Caracalla. This is Maximus; and I must beg your attention to this, for it is considered the sculptor's *chef-d'œuvre*—it is Elagabalus."

"No, no, I'll be hanged if it is!" said a well-known master of hounds; "it is no more Elagabalus than I am. It is Gratwicke,\* and the sculptor showed it me two months ago in his studio as Gratwicke!"

December 11, 1871.—Took a long walk with Lord Lytton. Among other subjects which cropped up was phrenology. In the general principle he had faith, but not in the details, on which professors are so apt to refine. I amused him mightily by telling him what a very clever lady of my acquaintance, a Russian, had told me, with implicit faith in the truth of what she herself had heard, viz., that in one of the battles between France and Germany a French soldier, in single combat with a German, was felled to the earth by the butt-end of a musket, and the left side of his skull fractured. As a wounded prisoner, he was taken to hospital, trepanned, and cured. On the recovery of his general health, it was found that he had entirely forgotten his native tongue, his name, his condition of life, etc., etc. Unfit for further military service, he resided for two years in Germany, acquired the German tongue, and adopted the calling of a bricklayer. One day, while at work upon a house, he fell from a scaffold, and fractured the right side of his skull. When once more he was restored it was found that he had forgotten all the German he had learned, that his former knowledge of his mother-tongue had returned, and that he recollected he was a married man, and the father of two children.

December 30.—Dined with Lord Lytton, Mr. and Miss Froude, Sir Thomas and Lady Symonds, Mrs. Vivian, Mrs. Cosway, Messrs. Edmund, Boyle, Sievwright, Cosway, W. H. Smith, M. P., and the Rev. Mr. Patch.

We had an animated discussion on the character of the ex-emperor Louis Napoleon. Lord Lytton spoke of him, as he invariably does, with great regard. He said that he was by temperament kind to weakness. He gave an interesting account of a long evening and

a confidential chat he had had with him, after dining with him, and after the company had been dismissed, which ran into the small hours of the morning. He had seen much of him when he lived in a small lodging in King Street, St. James's. He was then occupying a handsome house, as Prince Napoleon merely, in Carlton Terrace. He said he had never seen any man so confident of his future as he was. He showed him the flag which his uncle unfurled with his own hands, when, at Embabeh (close to Cairo), he directed his infantry to form squares to receive the charge of Murad Bey and his Mamelukes, and called out to his men, "From yonder pyramids forty centuries behold your actions!" Among other precious relics, he showed him also the ring which had belonged to Charlemagne. He said that his uncle prized it enormously, and regarded it as a talisman of magic power, which insured good fortune to its possessor so long as he had it on his person. He declared positively that it always forsook him when he had it not. Before embarking for Elba he lost it, and offered rewards of incredible amount for its recovery. He attributed his failure at Waterloo to its loss. I forget through what means Louis Napoleon regained it, but regain it he did, and treasured it as much as his uncle did. Louis Napoleon never scrupled to acknowledge that he was superstitious! He reposes implicit faith in a prediction made to him by some one or other—I forget whether witch or wizard or conjurer—as to his end. That end was to be death in the streets of London in the hour of victory. He said, "I feel as certain as that I am now smoking with you, that I shall one day be the foremost man in France, whether president or emperor I cannot say."

September 3, 1872.—Sat for a considerable time with Dean Ramsay, with whom I found Lord Torphichen. The dean was in high force, and told me more anecdotes than I can recall. One, however, I remember well. He had been talking of the nationality of his countrymen, and I had been justifying it, when he said: "An Englishman was speaking on the same theme one day to a Scotchman. The Scotchman said:

"It is not mere national pride if I say, *what is a matter of fact*, viz., that my country is the finest in the world!"

"Well," said John Bull, "if it be the *finest*, it is not the biggest! I suppose you'll allow that England is bigger than Scotland?"

"Deed, sir," answered Sandy, "I'll allow nae sic a thing; for, if oor grand hills were rolled out as flat as England is, Scotland wad be the bigger o' the twa!"

"Well," retorted John Bull, "you'll acknowledge that Shakespeare was not a Scotchman?"

"Discomfited at this home-thrust, but not disheartened, he once more replied:

"I'll acknowledge that Shakespeare had parts' (parts) 'that would justify the inference that he was a Scotchman.'"

A Presbyterian minister, who had not long before married a couple of his rustic parishioners, had felt exceedingly disconcerted, on his asking the bridegroom if he were *willing* to take the woman for his wedded wife, by his scratching his head, and saying:

"Ay, I'm wullin'; but I'd rather hae her sister."

As the name of Moore and his Bessy are on the *tapis*, I must take the opportunity of mentioning a circumstance which the delicacy of my informant has hitherto kept religiously secret from the world, but which I am permit-

ted by him to divulge, now that all the near connections of the parties implicated are no more. I think, as it is an anecdote which reflects honor on the character of Mrs. Moore, it would be an injustice to her memory any longer to withhold it. . . . When living in Dublin, where Moore was the observed of all observers, he was engaged in some private theatricals when he made acquaintance with Miss Bessy Dyke, who had recently made her *début* as a ballet-dancer on the Dublin boards. Moore was smitten with her at first sight, and, having access to the greenroom, used to seek her out and converse with her, whenever he could, behind the scenes.

One night, as the celebrated Sir Philip Crampton, one of the very ablest medical men that ever lived, was just dropping off to sleep, after a day of great fatigue, he heard a violent and agitated knocking at his bedroom-door. "Come in," he said, and a voice, which he at once recognized as that of his friend Moore, spoke through the half-opened door, "Phil, Phil, for God's sake, get up and come with me without a moment's delay!" Sir Philip jumped up, hurried on his clothes, and went out with him. It was about two o'clock, in a bright summer's morning, and the streets were entirely deserted. As they walked rapidly together, Crampton in vain appealed to Moore to tell him what was the matter. The only reply he received was, "You'll see soon enough. Come along quick, for God's sake! There's not an instant to be lost." They hurried down Dawson Street, reached Suffolk Street—a short street at right angles to Grafton Street—and about half-way up that street, lying prostrate on the flags, Sir Philip beheld, to his amazement, what appeared to be the body of a young woman. So it proved to be—not a dead body, but an insensible one, and bleeding copiously from the head, which was severely injured. On going up to it they found an old woman standing by it, and keeping watch over it. Sir Philip Crampton, with Moore's assistance, lifted the body from the ground, and carried it up-stairs to her rooms, which were on the first floor. After a considerable time she was brought back to consciousness by the skill of the great practitioner. The ugly wound which she had received did not prove so serious as had been feared; so that, after a while, she gradually recovered, and (here is the curious part of the story) the heroine of this little drama lived years and years after, and lived to become "the darling Bessy" of Tom Moore.

It would seem that on the night in question Moore had accompanied her to her lodgings in Suffolk Street, and while there made use of opportunity to express his feelings toward her passionately. If she were blamable for having admitted a man to her apartments at such an hour, it must be borne in mind that she was really and truly a pure-minded, unsophisticated girl, who, though flattered, naturally enough, by the undisguised admiration of a man so sought after and distinguished as the modern Anacreon, yet had been treated by him invariably with such respect as to inspire her with confidence. However, his advances were made so warmly that his ardor got the better of his prudence, and he rushed forward toward her, hoping to grasp her in his arms. When she perceived his intentions, she said to him in the most decided tone, "Stop, sir! If you come one step nearer to me I will throw myself out of that window," pointing to one that, on account of the sultriness of the weather, had been left wide open. Not imagining her to be in earnest, he continued to approach her, and in one moment she sprang

\* A gentleman well known on the turf and in Sussex a few years ago, but now no longer living.

out of the window, and fell on the pavement, bruised, mutilated, and insensible. His terror, consternation, and self-reproach, may be imagined. All in the house were in bed. The watchmen, as was their wont, were asleep in their boxes; and there was Moore standing appalled and helpless by the bleeding body of his love in the silent, solitary street on that memorable summer's morn. At length he succeeded in rousing up the old woman-servant of the house, and, consigning the young lady to her charge, he ran off for his friend Crampton. The rest of the story is easily told. Moore was captivated by the heroic conduct of his virtuous Bessy, and the blind passion which he had conceived for her was converted into profoundest admiration. He made her an honest, heart-felt, earnest proposal of marriage, to which at last she yielded with good grace.

The following is an extract from his journal when at Hampton Court in 1831:

Theodore Hook dined at General Moore's, and as usual was the life and soul of the party. His wit and humor, his sayings and doings, his pranks and his practical jokes, his hoaxes and political squibs, are so well known that I am almost afraid to reproduce any of them, lest I should be accused of bringing stale goods to market. However, I do not think the two following stories, which he told us yesterday, have ever been in print: Not long since, he went by stage-coach to Sudbourne, to stay with Lord Hertford. Inside the coach he had but one companion, a brown-faced, melancholy-looking man, with an expression of great querulousness, quite in character with the tone of his conversation, which was one of ceaseless complaining. "Sir," said he, "you may have known unfortunate men, possibly, in your day—you may, for aught I know, be an unfortunate man yourself—but I do not believe there is such another unfortunate man as I am in the whole world. No man ever had more brilliant prospects than I have had in my time, and every one of them, on the very eve of fulfillment, has been blighted. 'Twas but the other day that I thought I would buy a ticket in the lottery. I did so, stupid as that I was, and took a sixteenth. Sir, I had no sooner bought it than I repented of my folly, and, feeling convinced that it would be a blank, I got rid of it to a friend, who I knew would thank me for the favor, and at the same time save me from another disappointment. By Jove! sir, would you believe it?—I know you won't; but it is true—it turned up thirty thousand pounds."

"Heaven and earth!" said Hook, "it is incredible. If it had happened to me, I should certainly have cut my throat."

"Well," said he, "of course you would, and so did I;" and, baring his neck, he exposed to Hook's horror-stricken gaze a freshly-healed cicatrix from ear to ear.

On his return from his visit by the same coach, there were but two inside passengers—a very pretty but very delicate-looking young lady, attended by a very homely-looking maid. The coach stopped for twenty minutes to allow of dinner. Hook returned first to his place; the maid next. During the absence of her young mistress, Hook said to her, in a tone of great sympathy:

"Your young lady seems very unwell."

"Yes, sir; she suffers sadly."

"Consumption, I should fear?"

"No, sir; I am sorry to say it is the heart."

"Dear me! Aneurism?"

"Oh, no, sir! it is only a lieutenant in the navy."

## MODELS, AND ARTIST-LIFE IN ROME.

DURING the last quarter of a century the Italians have been politicians and soldiers rather than artists. In 1848 their country was largely mediæval, at the fag-end of European nations in modern respects; at that date, having resolutely decided to tear off their motley wear, they had to form and fashion themselves in the ways and means of the nineteenth century. From the outset sensibly giving themselves quite up to the task, they have really achieved that of which they may be proud; to-day Italy is united, prospering materially and developing intellectually, after twenty centuries of division, ruin, and decay, resulting from foreign barbaric invasion and tyranny. During this recent transitive and constructive stage, they had neither time nor money to spend on luxuries, and accordingly art was confined to the shelf. True, side by side with the busy workers, there were a few self-styled artists; but, without encouragement, these wasted and pined away into nothingness, after eking out a few pennies by copying for foreigners the masterpieces in the great galleries. This laying aside of art-effort was a subject of general regret, but it was confessed there was no help for it; under the circumstances, the gun and the pen excluded the brush and the chisel. Italian palaces, houses, and galleries, are stocked with the masterpieces of painting and sculpture to a degree that would constitute satiety in other lands not so addicted to them. Even under more favoring circumstances than those consequent upon their national resurrection, it is not likely that the Italians will ever again give the same encouragement and patronage to art which they gave to it in the past, although there is every reason to believe that in this line they will eventually recover some of their lost ground. The modernization of the peninsula which has taken place, and which is going on at rapid rate, may certainly lessen its charms and advantages in art, but cannot possibly obliterate them. The old costumes and customs will not have wholly faded away for some time to come, and Rome and Florence will hold their own for the brush and the chisel, whatever betides.

Over all the great centres of the peninsula, Rome predominates as the inexhaustible treasury of art, and the ever-fascinating, cherished home of the artist. Florence is bright and pleasing, and offers many attractions both to painter and sculptor; but, as affording them the greater spiritual advantages and material facilities, Rome bears the palm. No other city is so rich and well supplied as Rome is in "models," of both sexes, reaching from infancy to extreme old age, trained, or capable of being trained, to adapt themselves to the designs and fancies of the sculptor and painter.

In the Roman studio very frequently dozens of models are employed by an artist for a single picture or statue, for it is next to impossible to find in one alone all the desired perfections—thus working somewhat after

the fashion of the old Greeks, who, more fortunate, however, were liberally supplied with models by their amiable authorities at the cost of the state treasury. For the best of models there is great rivalry between the occupants of the studios, persuasive and pecuniary means being both freely applied to secure fine eyes, handsome faces, well-turned limbs. A model may have the run for profile, bust, eye, nose, mouth, chin, forehead, hair, hand, foot, leg, complexion, size, age—for any one or several of these points; and any single one, carried from studio to studio and copied in clay or on canvas at so much a sitting, may fetch in a comfortable livelihood to the owner.

Models are generally engaged by the hour, whether to sit one day or more; but at times they may be monopolized and kept, so to say, under lock and key, until the job for which they may have been engaged be completed. Prices in this line, as in most others since the Italian occupation of the city, have had an upward tendency, although the highest rate—when rivalry among competitors does not run up the bidding—paid at present is not over one *scudo*, or one dollar, per day. The patience, skill, and taste, exhibited by most of the Roman models are remarkable, and of inestimable aid in the studios. Their ready adaptability to whatever is required of them is something to be seen before it can be fully appreciated, or even conceived of. Little children, acting, for instance, in the capacities of young John and the Infant Jesus, will stand immovably throughout the attitude allotted to them with the most smiling and interested countenances, though the fatigue incurred may be any thing but light for their youthful frames. In their eyes, it is incumbent upon them to help in the execution of a beautiful design; and surely, if never any modern art-wonders are turned out in the Eternal City, it is not because suitable models are lacking there.

Most of the valued confraternity are professionals, but there are of them who combine the profession with some other and less distinguished calling. Sewing and scarf-weaving girls and clerks hire themselves out for modeling purposes when out of work or during leisure hours. Their profession has its fixed and accepted rank; it is an honorable one, inasmuch as models are simply classed as the necessary attendants on art. One still meets them as of yore, flitting to and fro in the Babuino, Corso, Condotti, and Piazza di Spagna, wearing the picturesque dress and accoutrements of long-faded epochs, and presenting quite a contrast with the plain, modern cut of clothes which wellnigh everybody wears, even in those thoroughfares until recently given up to unusual and fanciful costumes. Their principal headquarters are yet on the stairway of the Trinità dei Monti and in Via Sistina, where they congregate with a few relics of the most famous band of beggars that ever infested a city—the pope's own—sung in poetry and prose from Byron to Hawthorne. During the closing ten days of the carnival season they are up to all kinds of sport, and are particularly fond of performing the old-fashioned peasant-dances, *tarentella*, etc., to the sound of merry tam-

bourines and admiration of gazing Pulcinellas and Columbines of such modern build as to be without much salt or flavor. Lovers of the antique and of novelty are always on hand to witness their antics, and the passing artist, recognizing the favorites of his studio, never fails to accord them a nod, a word of encouragement, or perhaps promises. They are, in a manner, members of his own home-circle—sometimes very precious and intimate ones, occupying the best seats in the castles of his imagination.

One of the peculiar sights of Roman streets is entire model families, children attired in gaudily-matching colors, and led by papa and mamma as brigand and brigandess, shepherd and shepherdess, grouped on the pavement on their way to and from the studio. One family may be able to supply several studios at once, and then, of course, to the greater glory and revenue of that particular household, and the rivalry and envy of others less fortunate. Vendettas among them are not frequent, however, and on the whole they are a peaceful set in the community, softened and tamed down by *ingenus artes*. The elders bring the young ones up, verily, in the ways they should walk; and all modern ideas, ways, and bits of dress especially, are spurned and kept out of their reach as constituting the plague. No modern gewgaws and gimcracks for them—the simple sandals and sheepskin garments of the original and time-honored fathers amply suffice.

Many of the professional models are of rustic origin, wandering peasants who dwell on the Campagna or on their Sabine farms, when at home. The migrating peasants pass under the *sobriquet* of *ciocciari*, or those who wear *ciocci*, thick pieces of leather upon which the feet are placed as upon soles, and which are turned up over the toes and tied with strings or bands around the ankle, in rough imitation of the genuine old sandal. The tiny, circularly-built villages perched on the hill-sides between Albano, Velletri, and Monte Cassino, on the line of rail from Rome to Naples, are inexhaustible sources whence models are evolved. Their peasant-costumes, though immutable, and not made for wear and tear, are often very pleasing, and always productive of effect—articles of luxury rather to be looked at than used.

In autumn, winter, and spring, they lead an entirely out-door life in the streets of the capital, basking in the warm sunshine, or playing games while unengaged on their sittings in the studios. During summer, when malaria or fear of fever drives foreigners northward, the model crowd also proceeds to the country to summer on their native patches and slopes, to eat figs and soothe cares with wine after the Horatian pattern, if not degree. Their little home-hamlets are always dearer to them than the great city, and are affectionately called *la patria*. The villages of Saracenesca, Subiaco, Olevano, etc., are all in all to the inhabitants thereof; and each village is jealous of the other. If the villagers even know the meaning of the word Italy, it weighs nothing beside *la patria*. Such intense specimens of local attachment and people-love could scarcely be found outside of the old States of the Church. Withal,

these same Saracenescons, Subiacians, and Olevanites, have been transmitted in marble and canvas into the luxurious and splendid abodes of all Europe.

The flower-girls who formerly served as models are on the wane; even in the selling of bouquets they have been replaced by *floriste* from Florence, once so charming and attractive, but now fallen on a level with the lowest types of Parisian *lorettes*. Those of the Roman flower-girls still left over migrate in summer to the neighboring villages in company with the models, and return in autumn to sell bouquets to strangers. Few of the latter who visited Rome within the past decade can have forgotten the manifold importunities and sonorous beseechings with which they were plied by the youthful *floriste*, chiefly gathered around the doors of the jewelry-shops in Via Condotti. A famous little band, composed of three comely girls and a little boy, dressed in the gayest of mountain-styles, continue to besiege all lunchers and loungers at Spillman's, Nazzari's, Café Greco. Agatha, Santa, Maria, Giovanni, are as universally petted under the royal rule as they were under the papal régime—perhaps more, for now their competitors have fallen away. In their capacity of celebrities the members of this little band reap a rich harvest of pennies by selling their own photographs equally with the violets and roses out of their baskets. The money made by all young flower-girls and models is, to the last *soldo*, handed over to their parents, and they are severely punished if, during the day's operations, they make the least outlay without permission. When at home at night, in the wretched dwellings around the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, they are subjected to the strictest discipline, fed on the coarsest, scantiest food. Their sale of roses yields them no bed of roses.

In these days of travel and easy access a loud and bitter wail arises from among the cultivators of art in the peninsula over the vast and increasing crowds of elegantly and fashionably equipped tourists who throng in its renowned and quiet temples and retreats "to do" the wonders of sculpture and painting. No art curiosity is held sacred or free from the wayward inspection and clatter of the fashionable gentry, who, it is not to be denied, do contrast frightfully with the surroundings. The ribbons and curls of modern attire now flaunted on Italy's pavements do seriously interfere with the tasteful and well-designed costumes handed down from the tunic-toga era of the Cæsars, as also from the fanciful days of Raphael and Titian. Art decrees the beggar, street-child, old man or woman, though ragged in the few remnants of the unadulterated but fast-fading national garments, to be infinitely above the overdressed travelers turned out of hand-boxes by Paris tailors and *modistes*. There is truly a stunning difference presented, even to profane optics, by the two types, as seen side-by-side in the dingy gondolas of Venice, the shady Cascine of Florence, the palace-girt Corso, the crowded Toledo of Naples. The frocks, swallow-tails, and trousers of Poole, and the tracteries and fretwork of Worth, will not stand up in the studio—of this there

is no denying. The native *virtuosi* are shedding sorrowful tears because, as they allege, foreigners are doing their utmost to spoil those indigenous beauties which they would heartily like to see preserved. The model folks themselves are conscious of the immense decline in toggery, and of being left gradually high and dry on the sands while so many are imitating Paris.

Nowhere else as in Rome is artist-life so free and easy, and uninterrupted by the whims and exactions of fashionable society. Until the four years and a half just passed, only two callings might have been said to exist in the city, viz., religion and art—the artist standing next to the pope and his cardinals. They dress and live very much after their own fancy, whether at work in their studios, at home in their apartments, loitering in fashionable circles, or peering after their wants in the labyrinth of dingy, narrow, crooked *vicole*, corners, and dens which form that portion of the city known as "Old Rome," lying between the Corso and the Tiber. Surrounded, as in the past, on all sides by the precious relics and monuments of classic and mediæval art, sculptor and painter find in them a continual incentive to put forth all the effort of which they may be capable: for recreation or study they have only to step into the most famous and well-filled galleries and museums, kept constantly at their disposition by the state and the historical families.

One of the most availed of delights for artists residing at Rome consists in frequent excursions to the neighboring country, in the lovely environs just outside the walls, or over the majestic, solitary plain of the Campagna into the Sabine and Alban slopes of the Apennine chain. These short excursions are generally made on Sundays or other festive days when workmen abandon the studios; and an *impromptu* jaunt *extra muros* at any time is always hugely enjoyed. On these festive and sketching trips material for work and fun is secured from every and any thing encountered, not omitting the very donkeys bestraddled. The old crumbling aqueducts, standing, after two thousand years have passed over them, as monuments of the rule of consuls and emperors, are climbed over and sketched from every point; old ruins in process of excavation, as the villa of Hadrian near Tivoli, and the buried seaport town of Ostia, are examined, when perhaps coins, medals, statuettes are picked up, pocketed, and borne off as prizes to ornament the studio; rare nooks and out-of-the-way grottoes and chapels are visited, and the day's performance is liberally interlarded with omelets, sausage, cheese, black bread, and white wine—*vino sincero*—under humble but extremely picturesque roofs and reed-thatched stands by the wayside. Excursions of this kind require only a single day, the points aimed at being Albano, or Tivoli, or Subiaco, or Frascati, or Monte Cava, or Tusculum (celebrated for Cicero's villa and orations—with very little of these lying around, although the villa's foundations are pointed out), or Ostia, or Civita Vecchia, or Velletri, or Monte Rotondo, or, nearest to the city, Ponte Mole. Traffic or signs of business in the highways or paths leading to these places



are not to be seen; they are either quite deserted or dotted over with excursionists, mounted on troops of donkeys, attended by their drivers, and sundry field-peasants leisurely wending their way to or from "town." Sometimes many days or weeks are consumed in these charming trips; and there be artists who flee to the villages and mountains in order to "bury themselves alive." In the summer season extended voyages are made to Venice, Perugia, Urbino, Siena, Capri, Paestum; but those who thus stray far off are very glad to get back to their studios in Via Margutta, Via Babuino, Via Slatina, Piazza Barberini, etc., and the November day of their return is one of jubilee not only for themselves, but for the workmen, flower-girls, models, cabmen, and boot-blacks, as trade then revives and business grows brisk apace. One of the first cares of the returned holiday-takers is to revisit the art *bric-à-brac* market on the old open square called Piazza d'Erbe, which formerly served as a vegetable-market. The treasures of antiquity and curious relics spread out on benches and tables, and on the ground, in beautiful disorder—so dear to the heart of the artist—on this famous piazza twice every week, present an odd, unique array. The artists ransack these collections unsparingly, and generally find something to suit their fancy, if not precisely what they started out in search of.

Such inestimable facilities, familiar haunts, fascinating scenes, and solid advantages, fasten with hooks of steel the resident native and foreign artists to old Rome.

FREDERICK DANIEL.

### THE AGE OF GOOD.

I HAD a vision of mankind to be:

I saw no grated windows, heard no roar  
From iron mouths of war on land or sea;  
Ambition broke the sway of Peace no more.  
Out of the chaos of ill-will had come  
Cosmos, the Age of Good, Millennium!

The lowly hero had of praise his meed,  
And loving-kindnesses joined roof to roof;  
The poor were few, and to their daily need  
Abundances ministered. Men bore reproof—  
On crags of self-denial sought to cull  
Rare flowers to deck their doors hospitable.

The very bells rang out the Golden Rule,  
For hearts were loath to give their fellows pain.  
The man was chosen chief, who, brave and cool,  
Was king in act and thought. Real power  
Is plain,  
Despising pomp and show. He seemed to be  
The least in all that true democracy.

O Thou, the Christ, the Sower of the seed!  
Pluck out the narrowness, the greed for pelf;  
Pluck out all tares; the time let come, and speed,  
When each will love his neighbor as himself.  
The hopes of man, our dreams of higher good,  
Are based on Thee; we are Thy brotherhood.

HENRY ABNEY.

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

"IT is the jealousy," remarks an English writer upon American affairs, "of a democracy against culture and character, and all kinds of personal and hereditary superiority, which has wrested power from the hands of the natural leaders of society, and ostracized wealth and intellect, and hereditary influence." This sort of thing is said so often, not only by foreign critics but by many of our own people, that it ought to contain some measure of truth. But while the iteration and reiteration of a falsehood may give it credence with the multitude, they never can affect its character with those who look into things clearly and think for themselves. Now, it is true that the tendency of affairs here is to withdraw power from the "natural leaders of society," but the reason of this does not arise from "the jealousy of a democracy against culture and character, and all kinds of personal and hereditary superiority." There is undoubtedly a jealousy of "hereditary superiority," that is of power and position derived wholly from hereditary names and influence; democracy believes that every man should stand on his own and not on his ancestors' merits; but we deny that there is with the mass of the people any prejudice against "personal superiority," or any "jealousy against culture and character." The majority do not appreciate culture as highly as they ought in all instances, no doubt; they have a not altogether misplaced confidence in the superiority of common-sense and character above the over-refinements of dilettantism; but in truth the reverence for education in America amounts almost to a superstition—often, indisputably, an ignorant reverence, with a disposition to unduly exalt the practical above the æsthetic; but, nevertheless, a reverence that would never dream of jealousy against any of the attainments of study.

How, then, it will be asked, is it that the better class of our people are not found in politics? The responsibility for this much-to-be-regretted fact largely lies with these "better people" themselves, who permit demagogues to usurp the place they should fill. There are not a few good reasons for their doing this: nothing comes save from due and adequate cause; but the fact remains that the withdrawal from politics of our best men is wholly voluntary. They are not driven out by a "jealous democracy;" they are not "ostracized;" they are simply deserters. They have deserted because they dislike the fire and heat and disorder of the battle-field. Politics in America is too rough and fierce for their sensitive natures; there is too much acerbity, scandal, reckless lying, and rude

denunciation, to render a political career specially inviting. Moreover, the rewards for all these disagreeable experiences are not very brilliant, unless the aspirant has the "itching palm." The professions or commerce have greater promise, and those who follow them are secure from unfounded suspicion and all the heart-burnings that pertain to a struggle for political place or leadership. So generally are these facts recognized that the last thing a father would think of selecting for his son would be a career in politics. Every young man is warned against politics; distrust is always excited if a young lawyer or a young merchant evinces a too eager interest in political campaigns. How in the world can we hope to see "power in the hands of the natural leaders of society," when within the circle of this class it is never the example of statesmanship, but the warning against politics, that is made the precept? If our better class of men would enter into politics, they would do much not only to redeem many of the evils of the state, but their presence and influence would go far toward stopping a good deal of the dirt-throwing which the lower politicians have encouraged in their partisans. As for the people as a whole, they are not probably very fastidious nor always accurate judges, but we may confidently believe that they would rather see in high places men of character than men of buncombe.

In his book "On Actors and the Art of Acting," just from the London press, Mr. George Henry Lewes gives the opinion "that there is a vast and hungry public ready to welcome and reward any good dramatist or fine actor; but, in default of these, willing to be amused by spectacles and sensation pieces." In this brief sentence there is condensed a truthful and complete response to all the wordy clamor about the decadence of public taste with which ignorant and unob-servant critics assail our ears. A great deal of this talk, whether literature or art is concerned, arises from the notion that the public is a unit. There are, of course, many publics: a sensual public finding delight in gross spectacles, and a cultured public gathering to applaud chaste plays and intellectual acting. But there is also, no doubt, a large body of people who, in the absence of high dramatic art, are willing to be amused by trifles; who even prefer good spectacles and strong sensation plays to bad renditions of what is called the legitimate drama. There is, however, no instance in recent periods—if any can, indeed, be found at all—when a really good actor in the higher drama has been neglected because of the attractions of spectacle or sensational pieces. In these things public taste is not cultivated to a very

high point, perhaps, but really good dramatic art has that within it which makes the whole world kin; and it compels the suffrages of even those who have only sensibilities of average keenness, or tastes of no more than ordinary culture. There is, in fact, always a public for first-rate execution in any of the arts.

So far, indeed, from there being a decline of taste in regard to the drama, there is now a great revival—a revival more noticeable in England, perhaps, than here, but we are not without certain profound stirrings in the matter. Mr. Irving recently gave, in London, his two-hundredth consecutive performance of *Hamlet*, an achievement unparalleled in the history of the stage; and not only unparalleled as a popular success, but very rarely has any performance caused so much elaborate criticism and such wide discussion. Tennyson's "Queen Mary," it appears, is to be acted; and this announcement is exciting the English literary and dramatic world intensely. Well it may, for the accession of a poet like Tennyson to the ranks of the dramatic writers is something very noteworthy and significant. If "Queen Mary" prove a success as an acting play, there is not a poet anywhere that will not be tempted into the same field. There is no success so fascinating nor so substantial in its rewards as a dramatic one; and hence, under this Tennyson example, we may yet see Swinburne, Buchanan, and Morris, in England, and Longfellow and Lowell here, employing the stage and the actors as their media for reaching the public. In England new plays are continually appearing; here very little is done in this way, and those who do this little would render a service to the community if they withheld their hand. Our national poverty in this particular, however, would soon be followed by a happy harvest, we may hope, should our men of literary mark coquet a little with the dramatic muse. Why should not Holmes and Aldrich give us each a comedy? Why should not Lowell, or Longfellow, or Stedman, or Stoddard, consult with Booth and Barrett in regard to a tragedy? If our poets do make an essay in this direction let them be governed by Bulwer's wise example and take into their confidence some experienced actor whose professional knowledge may serve them in the stage-requisites of the play. These poets would not fall in the fire, the passion, the wit, the poetry; if they should succeed in wedding these to good construction all would be safe. There is, as Mr. Lewes says, a hungry public for good plays and fine acting; the public waits, the theatres are ready, the actors are eager—let the poets now come forward and lift our dramatic art, in which there is now so much awakened interest, to a level of that of any other land.

ONE who signs himself "A Puzzled Novelist" writes to a London newspaper in regard to the copyright question, which just now seems to be agitating literary circles in the English metropolis. "A Puzzled Novelist" cannot understand why the right of property in literature should have a legal limitation as to time, while all other kinds of property may be held in *perpetuum*. He says:

"You are aware, sir, that a grateful nation granted, through Parliament, half a million to build the Palace of Blenheim for the great duke whose services were thus rewarded. What services have the present duke and duchess rendered to the state that they should enjoy this property? Yet they do enjoy it; and nobody grudges them its enjoyment; but if the descendants or representatives of John Bunyan were to claim property in his books—which would probably, if it were granted, cause the cheapest edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' to be published at half a crown, to the extinction of the little rag that is now sold in the streets for a penny—we should have a pretty noise over it. 'Why, you dolts and asses,' says one (and really, sir, this is pretty much how they address us; but we don't mind it, for the reviewers have accustomed us to it), 'don't you know the difference between corporeal and incorporeal property; between property that is visible and tangible, and property that is merely an ideal right, existing only by virtue of the law? The land exists; it is there and tangible; it must have an owner. Copyright does not exist at all except merely as the creation of the law.' But then, sir, I thought they told us that all property was the creation of the law? The land exists, certainly; do not 'Hamlet' and 'Ye Mariners of England' exist also? The land must have an owner, certainly; but there would be no difficulty in finding owners if the state were to seize it and sell it sixteen years after the present proprietors' death. The ownership of land, which the law guarantees forever, is in reality just as much an incorporeal hereditament as the ownership in a book, which the law guarantees for a few years. It is quite as intangible and invisible a creation of law as copyright is. It has nothing to do with the occupation of the land, as many folks seem to consider; many ladies and gentlemen enjoy the ownership of land which they never saw—at Nice or Montone they carry about with them the invisible but highly-valuable ownership of land in the Hebrides. The occupier and tiller of land, the farmer, is in relation to its ownership precisely as the publisher is in relation to the temporary ownership in a book—with this difference, that the farmer does not find that, after a certain number of years, he or anybody else can work the land without paying any thing for it, whereas the publisher, after a certain number of years, finds that he or anybody else can deal with the book as he pleases."

This is really very convincing. It is claimed that, inasmuch as the state guarantees and protects rights in literary property, it is permitted to give that guarantee under such conditions as it may see fit to impose. But in truth the state does no more for this kind of property than for any other. The peculiar nature of literary property is such that the common law of property cannot protect

it, and hence a special statute is necessary in order to secure the writer or holder against infringements. But this special statute in no wise alters the attitude of the government toward this kind of proprietorship; it is simply an enabling act, whereby the authority and protection of government may be extended over a class of things which in its ordinary operations it cannot reach. And inasmuch as the sole legitimate purpose of government is for the protection of its citizens, it is rather extraordinary to see it making terms, in special instances, and imposing conditions for the protection that it guarantees.

We cannot attempt to touch upon all the arguments that are advanced in favor of the present system. The theory that the public welfare is advanced by confiscating literary property is a presumptuous one; it would be just as fair to confiscate lands for public parks as to seize upon an author's writings for the public benefit. It is fully as incumbent upon people collectively to pay for what they use as it is upon individuals to do so. It is, moreover, a mistake to assume that an author's copyright would have more than a very slight influence upon price. Books are cheap or dear according to demand. We find popular, low-priced editions of Tennyson in England, and of Longfellow here, notwithstanding that these are copyright works. It is very clear, we think, that literary proprietorship should be as lasting as all other kinds of proprietorship. Assuredly an author's descendants have as much moral right to enjoy the fruits of his labor as the descendants of a cotton-spinner have those of his.

The "Puzzled Novelist" from whom we have been quoting says: "About the year 1840, if I am not mistaken, Wordsworth told a friend of mine that all the money he had ever got for his poems did not exceed three hundred pounds; I should say that if the copyright of these poems existed at the present moment it would be worth two thousand pounds a year." Here we find an author wholly inadequately paid for his productions during his life, and by the time his books become of any decided monetary value they are confiscated for the public use. If this is not rank injustice, what is injustice?

MACAULAY'S (or rather Mrs. Barbauld's) New-Zealander, who is some day to sit akimbo on London Bridge and moralize over the ruins of London, will perhaps listen with incredulity to the legend that this nation which abolished slavery in her colonies, and put down the slave-trade, also forced opium upon a vast people by sheer force of arms. We who are nearer the events of fourteen years ago, however, know that it is but too

true that the disastrous drug made from the Indian poppy was prohibited by the "heathen Chinese," only to be again foisted upon them through the cannon's mouth by the Christian Englishman. There was a debate in Parliament the other day on this subject. An inconvenient Scotchman, supposedly verdant in the House, ventured to hint that the opium-trade between India and China is a moral abomination. He could not see that what was morally wrong could be politically right; and he had an odd notion that it ill-becomes a nation so ostentatious in its philanthropy to forcibly besot a whole empire for paltry gain!

One would imagine that there was not much to be said in reply to this. But official ingenuity is equal to any emergency, and can afford to be especially acute when a revenue of six millions sterling is involved. So young Lord George Hamilton, son of a duke, and a rising Tory hope, proceeded to appraise the importunate Scot that opium is really a blessing to the Chinese. It appears that it is virtuous, not vicious, to cram it into their throats *volens volens*. Why, opium is just the thing for the Celestial constitution; were it withdrawn, "one-third of the Chinese nation would die." The Chinese take opium as the Scotch take whiskey and the English beer; and so Lord George would not perhaps object to see the Scotch compelled to have whiskey, and the English beer, whether they would or not.

Another utterly false argument was that the Chinese would have opium, and, if they did not get it from India, they would from somewhere else. Every rum-seller in the world may thus make of his trade a virtue. The opium-trade is a scandalous blot on English morality, and no official self-hood-winking, or attempts to hoodwink others, can wipe it out. It would be bad enough for the most benevolent of nations to raise it and sell it; but to keep the Chinese bound down by stringent treaties, backed by war-fleets, to receive and consume it, is a masterpiece of the inconsistency which is not less characteristic of nations than of individuals. The effort to prove opium not only harmless, but actually a tonic and necessary stimulant, would be amusing, were it not for the hypocrisy of the excuse and the sordidness of its object.

SOME friends of excellent art, and admirers of fruitful but unfortunate genius, are trying to lend a helping hand to old George Cruikshank. Melancholy indeed are the latter days of a "veteran lagging superfluous on the stage." To find one's self old and poor, though famous, seems a saddest ending to a long and laborious career. Whether Cruikshank is poor from fault or misfortune,

it seems enough to know that he who has for generations given so much delight to thousands, whose wit and skill have been so long employed to inspire kindly smiles and joyous laughter, is really poor. Who is not familiar with his inimitable and always recognizable style, his combination of a certain quaint exaggeration, which seems old-fashioned and yet not old, with a perfectly exquisite humor? Cruikshank has been at work these fifty years. You may find his illustrations in German and Italian fairy books, his original etchings in Continental collections, eulogies of his works in elaborate Spanish essays; everybody knows how much more vivid, real, imperishable he made Dickens's stories; he created fun for the million year after year in the comic almanacs and the funny squibs of the best English humorists. Thackeray, himself a humorous artist, used to acknowledge Cruikshank to be at the summit of that branch of art; and Ruskin said of his etchings that "they are the finest things, next to Rembrandt's, that have been done since etching was invented." The proposal is to purchase a collection of his works, of which there are eleven hundred disposable, comprising oils, water-colors, and proof-etchings, to be acquired by the nation, and placed either at South Kensington or in the National Gallery. It is to be hoped that the American admirers of Cruikshank will have an opportunity to contribute to this object, which at best will scarcely yield the genial old artist more than fifteen or twenty thousand dollars; and his deserts are all the greater as he has refused to accept an out-and-out money "testimonial," thus declining to incur the bitter gratitude of absolute mendacity.

THE recent assault upon a woman in the compartment of an English railway-carriage prompts many people to inquire why the plan of the American car is not adopted abroad. We imagine that the dangers pertaining to the English system must increase greatly before travelers there will abandon their quiet and comfortable carriages for our dusty, cramped, and wholly disagreeable cars. These "outrages," of which so much is said, are after all only occasional: in view of the immense number of trains always coming and going, their percentage is low enough to warrant a tolerable confidence with each traveler that he is going to escape them. But, if the English do change the construction of their carriages, they will find better models in Switzerland than with us, where a car is used with rear and front platforms and central passage-way through, as ours are, but with the vehicle divided into compartments, just as in England. By this method there is every necessary seclusion, without

entire isolation from other parts of the carriage. These Swiss railways may be studied to advantage in more particulars than one. They have in use on some of the lines a carriage that should be seen by those into whose hands the approaching rapid-transit road in this city is to fall. It is a double-tier or two-story car, the upper section being covered, but open at the sides. This upper tier is in no wise rudely or roughly constructed; the seats are very comfortable, and the arrangement very good; and a most charming eyrie does the position afford for the traveler who is desirous of plenty of fresh air, or is seeking for good views of the country through which the train is passing. Cars like these would prove to be a most agreeable feature of our trains when the elevated railway comes; they might, indeed, be introduced on our city roads to the great comfort of the now much-crowded and much-oppressed passengers.

THE English republicans have been trying to get up a breeze of popular indignation against the grant to pay the expenses of the Prince of Wales in India. But the English refuse to be agitated in hot weather; besides, there is such a general condition of apathy in British politics of late, that for the time at least the resources of popular indignation are exhausted. It is true enough that a million sterling, at least, which the princely tour will cost, is a heavy sum to pay for a royal pageant which is to take place at the antipodes; but then, as long as the English have a royal family, and cleave to it, such things must be, and an expenditure of this sort is not inconsistent. Still, the radicals who wish to do away with royalty are right to make a fuss every time fancy sums of this sort are voted; for while the English may properly think that royalty should be maintained with becoming state as long as it exists, these incidents are so many arguments against doing away with it altogether. Meanwhile the prince's visit to Hindostan may have political results well worth the money.

## Literary.

IF criticism is either a science or an art, it is singular that as yet no progress has been made in formulating its laws or classifying its results. For a century or more literary criticism has been practised by some of the leading minds in England and Germany, and during Sainte-Beuve's lifetime, at least, it overtopped every other department of French literature; and yet its definitions are even now so meagre that every trivial story and commonplace poem has to be either analyzed, elucidated, and described, as if it were an entirely new type in letters, or simply handed over to the reader with a dogmat-



is indorsement or condemnation. Every one whose acquaintance with books, and especially with current literature, is at all intimate, knows that they fall into species, and even genera, almost as distinct as those into which the animal and vegetable kingdoms have been divided; and nothing would seem more certain than that literary criticism only needs some critical Cuvier in order to be developed at once into that stage of a science in which its mere definitions are adequately descriptive. It hardly needs to be pointed out, perhaps, how greatly the critic's task would be lightened if, like the naturalist, he could make the nature and quality of a book clear to the reader's mind by some such simple formula as this: *order*, fiction; *genus*, subjective-analytical; *species*, trash.

Our consciousness of the great convenience which such a classification would prove, however, shall not tempt us to undertake it here; and we shall only avail ourselves of the suggestion so far as to say that in any system of the kind "Wildmoor"\* would rank among the lowest species—probably under that which might be defined as "painstakingly-dull." It is a book that has quite evidently cost its author an immense amount of trouble—it is her "work" in the most homely signification of that term. Her preparations for it apparently included a careful study, not only of the way in which novels are divided into chapters, the narrative broken up into dialogue, and the secret on the keeping of which the interest of the story is supposed to depend, let out in the second or third chapter; but also of the qualities which people in novels are supposed to admire, of the way in which they express this admiration, of their manner of falling in and out of love, of their deportment under sorrow, and of their genial custom of consenting to be taken off at precisely the moment most convenient to all concerned. The very phraseology appropriate to the various circumstances and occasions has been carefully noted, and the author has followed out her programme with the conscientious exactness of a Brahman at his prayers. But, though such genuine painstaking is entitled to recognition in these days of flimsy and careless writing, the result can hardly be said to be otherwise than dull. In fact, Miss Burckett fairly invited failure from two different directions: first, by localizing her story in England without knowing any thing at first hand of either English scenery or English society; and, second, by adopting what, next to autobiography, is perhaps the most difficult form of composition—that of telling a story through the medium of several different persons, writing independently and with no common object in view. This, of course, demands a strong power of conceiving and representing individual character, but the people who figure in "Wildmoor" do not even attain to the dignity of puppets—no machinery could make them so much as imitate the movements of real men and women. There is nothing that amounts to a variation of tone between the chapters which "Miss

Brent writes," and "Hope writes," and "Geoffrey writes;" and, after reading half the book, the reader would find it difficult to turn over a dozen pages and, without looking at the head-lines, say who was writing—almost as difficult as to say what was being written about.

"FATED TO BE FREE,"\* though very far indeed from being a first-rate novel, shows a marked advance over its author's previous work, to which it is a sort of sequel, "Off the Skelligs." It is shorter, for one thing; its plot is better constructed; the action is more dramatic, and the parts more equally distributed between the several characters; and there is a kind of coherence and continuity of interest about it that "Off the Skelligs" sadly lacked. Miss Ingelow is evidently acquiring better command over her materials—she has learned, for instance, that a series of "studies of character," however good they may be, do not alone constitute a novel; and this, together with her very decided literary skill, entitles us to expect even better work at her hands in the future.

The peculiar plot of "Fated to be Free" (a revelation of which would impair the reader's enjoyment of the story) forbids our analyzing its structure, and it would be useless merely to enumerate characters who take their chief interest from the careful minuteness and delicacy of touch with which they are drawn. As piquant as any thing else in the book—to us, at least—is the "Author's Preface to the American Edition," in which, after premising that she sees the folly of an author's attempting to explain what should explain itself, and confessing that she did it at the request of her American publishers, she goes on to criticize her two stories as follows:

"I am told that they are peculiar, and I feel that they must be so, for most stories of human life are, or at least aim at being, works of art—selections of interesting portions of life, and fitting incidents, put together and presented as a picture is; and I have not aimed at producing a work of art at all, but a piece of Nature. I have attempted to beguile my readers into something like a sense of reality; to make them fancy that they were reading the unskillful chronicle of things that really occurred, rather than some invented story, as interesting as I knew how to make it. It seemed to me difficult to write, at least in prose, an artistic story; but easy to come nearer to life than most stories do.

"Thus, after presenting\* a remarkable child, it seemed proper to let him (through the force of circumstance) fall away into a very commonplace man. It seemed proper, indeed, to crowd the pages with children, for in real life they run all over; the world is covered thickly with the prints of their little footsteps, though, as a rule, books written for grown-up people are kept almost clear of them. It seemed proper, also, to make the more important and interesting events of life fall at rather a later age than is commonly chosen, and also to make the more important and interesting persons not extremely young; for, in fact, almost all the noblest and finest men

and the loveliest and sweetest women of real life are considerably older than the vast majority of heroes and heroines in the world of fiction."

As criticism, this is fairer, probably, than most of the criticisms bestowed by authors upon their own works, and as an explanation of Miss Ingelow's theory of novel-writing it is evidently entirely candid; for it insists upon what we had intended to point out as the chief fault of both stories. Miss Ingelow has written largely for children, and all her works show that she is consistent in claiming for children more attention than they usually get in literature. "Off the Skelligs," for example, was an attempt to demonstrate that boys and girls could furnish very satisfactory heroes and heroines for a story designed for adult readers; and the numerous pages devoted to children in the present work would, if separated from the context, and bound together, make an almost incomparable juvenile. It is certain, too (and this demonstrates the faultiness of her theory), that the book would be greatly improved, in an artistic sense, by such elisions. We wonder if Miss Ingelow has ever reflected on the reason why "books written for grown-up people are, as a rule, kept almost clear of children?" She has jumped to the conclusion, apparently, that it is because the opportunities which children afford to novelists have been overlooked or purposely ignored; but we think it has arisen from an instinctive sense of fitness on the part of novelists. Human life, and of course any representation of human life, takes its interest from the relations between persons whose actions are free, and whose conduct may therefore be regarded as indicative of characters that have gone beyond the inchoate or merely impulsive stage, or from the struggle of man with his environment. Childhood can comply with none of these conditions; for children are but passive actors at best—their conduct is judged not by its proximate results, but by the tendencies or "line of development" which it reveals. Furthermore, children can take no part in the one universal human passion which alone touches universal human sympathies. A novel for "grown-up people" in which children play more than a subordinate part is as untrue to Nature as it is defective in art; in fact, it is defective in art because it is untrue to Nature.

It may be well to add that while "Fated to be Free" is a sequel to "Off the Skelligs," it is also complete in itself.

MRS. C. JENKIN is the only novelist who, writing English (and excellent English, too), finds herself more at home in France and among the French people, and who chooses her subjects accordingly. All of her previous novels have been simply sketches of French society, chiefly in the southern "provinces," as they are called; and, though a third of the volume is devoted to a Scotch country-family, "Within an Ace" (New York: Henry Holt & Co.) is no exception to the rule. An Englishwoman's experiences among the old French nobility would necessarily be piquant and picturesque, so the author appears to have thought, and her story was evi-

\* Wildmoor. A Novel. By Florence Burckett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

\* Fated to be Free. A Novel. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

cently constructed for the special purpose of revealing these. This is the key to whatever portion of "Within an Ace" is dependent upon the story; but Mrs. Jenkin is a thorough-going convert to the modern theory of novel-writing, in which the story is nothing and revelation of character every thing, and the interest which her present work may be supposed to excite is concentrated exclusively upon the relations between the Comte de Jençay and his wife. And just here lies what is at once the strength and the weakness of the book. "Cattie" is a very lively and life-like person, and a mere passing glimpse of such a character would be well enough; but she is the only portrait that is drawn at full length, and she fails either to interest or amuse the reader—she simply irritates. We do not demand, of course, that a heroine shall be of the perfect and immaculate sort; but it is difficult to feel any keen interest in a young wife who, conscious that her husband loves her, and more than suspecting that she loves him (though she married him to escape home troubles), not only destroys his happiness and her own, but drives him to the verge of distraction by a course of conduct which is at once silly, violent, and spiteful. Such people may exist in real life; probably they do; but they are not a fruitful subject of contemplation, and they certainly are not amusing. So thoroughly, indeed, does "Cattie" tease us during our forced acquaintance that we are hardly satisfied with the author's assurance that "she had to give years of self-discipline" to the reconquering of her husband's heart, which she had thrown away in an hour of willful caprice. We are afraid she succeeded at last, and are certain that she deserved to fail.

Perhaps, however, we are treating Mrs. Jenkin's work too seriously. At its best it is but froth on the surface of literature. It may be consumed in any quantity without danger of causing mental indigestion, and perchance this will commend it to those who are in search of a summer diet.

It is never a pleasant task to sit in judgment on such a book as Edward Garrett's "Doing and Dreaming" (New York: Dodd & Mead). Strictly speaking, it is not literature at all; it claims a verdict not on artistic grounds, nor for the instruction which it may impart, but rather as an instrument of "doing good." Viewed from this point, even, it is difficult to feel any confidence in the result. Its doctrines are undeniably true, if somewhat trite; its precepts of morality are unimpeachable; its theories of social and personal duties are such as we could all wish to see obtain a wider acceptance. But the question remains whether human conduct is to be influenced in any appreciable degree by the reiteration of formulas which have for generations been the common property of the race, even when they are thinly disguised under the drapery of fiction. Personal interest, as "Edward Garrett" (who is a woman) is far too well informed not to know, is awakened only by persons; and it is hard to believe that it is not as clear to her as to us that Charlotte, and Elizabeth, and Will, and

Hugh, and the other phantoms in "Doing and Dreaming," approach about as near to real life as the personified Virtues and Vices of the old mediæval Spanish plays. The truth is, the author is not writing a novel, but preaching, and no paraphernalia of homely names and conventionally common circumstances could disguise the fact beyond the first page or two.

THE *Athenæum* has a second notice of "Queen Mary" this week, and adheres to its unfavorable verdict. It says: "Reviewing the play as a whole, we have nothing to add to the remarks we made last week, but it may be pointed out that the work should be compared, not with Shakespeare's historical plays, but with such a drama as Mr. Swinburne's 'Chastelard.' It is with reluctance that we declare that the results of such a comparison will not prove favorable to the elder writer. The world is indebted to Mr. Tennyson for so much fine poetry that it is painful to have to speak of any achievement of his in other words than those of praise, but, in spite of the merits of certain passages in the new volume, deep regret must be felt that the laureate has deserted the ground in which his strength lay to make an experiment in the drama. From what has been said, and from the extracts that are given, it will be seen that 'Queen Mary' is unsuited to the stage. The work is, however, to be at once produced at the Lyceum, and, with the omission of the act relating to Cranmer, the greater portion of the scenes concerning Sir Thomas Wyatt, and other matter, it may be brought within the dimensions of an acting drama. That it will attract a succession of audiences, and enjoy that singularly-barren triumph, a *succès d'estime*, is probable enough. It would be difficult, however, to adduce any sound reason for Mr. Tennyson's introducing so withered a leaf among the green leaves of his chaplet. When 'Queen Mary' has been brought on the stage, there can be no cause why every portion of Mr. Froude's elaborate history should not undergo the species of adaptation bestowed on his fifth and sixth volumes."

"THE PAPERS OF A CRITIC," just published in London, is a collection of the reviews written by the elder Dilke for the *Athenæum*. The volume is prefaced with a biographical sketch of his grandfather by Sir Charles Dilke, and contains reminiscences of many literary people of the last generation. . . . The old Tabard Inn, made famous by Chaucer, is now in process of demolition. . . . The author of "A Member for Paris" has written a new novel, a sort of political squib, in which, under the name of Mr. Paramount, he gives a lively sketch of a certain well-known statesman, who is himself not guiltless of such satire in times past: "If Mr. Paramount had a weakness, it was for the surroundings which great wealth affords. Pictures, gorgeous furniture, satin menus, wines of rare brand, choice music, and rich hues of ladies' dresses, filled his purple imagination with Oriental visions unavowed; and, dreaming himself an Asian potentate, he was perhaps consoled for long exclusions from Downing Street. Birth had a lesser fascination in his eyes, for, besides certain races who trace their descent from the infancy of time, the pedigrees of modern peers are small things indeed." . . . The Spaniards are at last beginning to recognize their obligation to do justice to the memory of the famous author of "Don Quixote." A new literary periodical, called *Cervantes*, is soon to be

started in Madrid, the profits of which will be devoted to the erection of a monument at Alcalá de Henares, in honor of the man whose name it bears. . . . Carlyle recently closed an interview with a London correspondent of a San Francisco newspaper with the following characteristic growl at California: "You are doing no good there: you are harming the world. Cover over your mines, leave your gold in the earth, and go to planting potatoes. Every man who gives a potato to the world is the benefactor of his race; but you with your gold are overturning society, making the ignoble prominent, increasing everywhere the expenses of living, and confusing all things." . . . Mr. George Grove, the eminent Biblical scholar, is said to be the responsible editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*. . . . A new quarterly review, to be called *The Mind*, will be started in London in October. . . . The *Saturday Review* "takes it out of" Mr. Henry Kingsley's last book in the following lively style: "'I am afraid,' says Mr. Kingsley, in beginning the last chapter, 'that our story has been very immoral, and that every character in it, with the exception of the two young French ladies, Héloïse and Clotilde, and of Lady Rhyader, ought to be picking oakum in Coldbath Fields.' There is nothing very immoral, so far as we can see, about the story. It is very unnatural and very stupid. As for ourselves, we would, we think, rather spend our time in picking oakum than in reading such a story as 'Number Seventeen.'" . . . The whole of Swedenborg's MSS. are to be reproduced in fac-simile by photo-lithography, in pursuance of a resolution passed by the General Convention of the New Church in America. Some of his writings have already been so treated, and copies so widely dispersed over the United States that it is thought that nothing less than a flood sweeping the continent bare can place them in jeopardy of loss or destruction. . . . Few young journalists, however clever, attain such worldly success as has befallen Hans Forssell, the Swedish writer on politics and philosophy, who has just, in his thirty-second year, been called to take a seat at the Council of State as Minister of Finance.

## The Arts.

IT is only within a few years that out-door sketching has been at all common, except by professional painters. By degrees some of the young men on their vacations, and some of the maidens who, with Alpine sticks and shade-hats, swarm in summer in the mountain-regions and by the sea-shore, have found out that there is something more interesting in watching a painter copy the soft bloom of a mountain-side in the haze of a low sun, or in seeing him imitate the amber tones of a mountain-brook running over pebbles and moss, than in gossiping over worsted-work or crochet. It may be a troublesome process to the artists themselves to have their sketches examined, and the merits of camp-stools, sketch-boxes, and black or white umbrellas, discussed with them, yet their presence in the picturesque regions of our country in summer-time has, no doubt, helped largely to create a taste for drawing and painting among a considerable class of our people.

Summer sketching has long been a common and pleasant accomplishment among the

English, skilled in water-colors, and during the past few years it has become an object of much stronger interest than for mere amusement among the more intellectual of them. Through the influence of Ruskin and his followers, young people of both sexes, who formerly looked upon drawing as an agreeable recreation, have come to understand that amateur drawing, equally with music, must have intrinsic merit, and that if it be ignorantly and poorly executed it has no claims to consideration whatever. From the daughters of the queen downward, all sensible English people seem to have resolved that their efforts must be good as far as they go, and; while one of the English princesses exhibits very good busts at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, another of them, we learn, is earnestly studying with the hard-working scholars of the South Kensington Museum.

One of the pleasantest summer books published this season is "Our Sketching-Club," by Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt. It gives a vivacious account, in the guise of a story, of one of the little associations of persons in England which have formed themselves for the study and practice of art. In the introduction to this book, Mr. Tyrwhitt tells us that he has written it at the suggestion and desire of American as well as of English friends, and the whole tone of the book, as well as the special instruction he gives for beginnings of good water-color drawing, would make it as acceptable and suggestive to educated Americans as to his own countrymen. Hitherto we have been far behind the English in this most charming branch of an elegant education—music having gotten decidedly the start among us. All the girls and many of the sons of our rich people for the past thirty years have been taught the use of the piano, and under suitable masters have been required to practise rigidly many hours a week. But scarcely a man or woman could make an outline of even so simple a form as a common chair, and American girls who could sketch a bit of natural scenery, either in pencil or water-colors, were few indeed. But, thanks to our growing familiarity with artists in country-resorts, and the sight of their pictures and sketches in their studios in winter, a taste for and some knowledge of painting is now no longer very rare, and a great many people who do not make painting or drawing a profession are yet trying to learn to do what they can and to do it well.

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his "Sketching-Club," describes its leader as either a professional artist or at least a person of good technical experience, who, while his pupils and friends make trips to distant sketching-grounds, criticises their work, and gives suggestive hints, written or by word of mouth. A record of the club is kept, and, from many rules and regulations, much very good work and analysis of Nature and pleasure in it are the results. At present we don't know of any such complete organization among us as this which Mr. Tyrwhitt describes, but something very like it has sprung into existence.

A great many people know Mount Desert by this time. The charms of its landlocked bays, its low, green, sloping hills, its cliffs,

and, above all, its cool, healthy climate, have been dwelt on and described over and over again. Bar Harbor, which is the favorite resort of this island, stands upon a little bay, the upper end of which is formed by a bar which the low tide leaves dry. In this bay many small craft lie at anchor, and, from the pleasure-yachts which anchor here in little fleets, with tiny flags waving in dozens from each one of them, to the fishing-boats and the birch-bark canoes of the Indians who frequent this spot in summer, the small bay is alive with vessels all day long. In early morning and at evening, when the billows of sea-fog have either rolled up and dried on the hill-sides, or retreated to their fastnesses on the remote wastes of the ocean, the villagers and the summer guests of Mount Desert may be seen in great numbers lingering along the shores, or in small row-boats plying over the still, glossy surface of the bay. Not every day, but very often, one of these boats may be seen making good time as it speeds across in the bright morning or the opal-colored evening light, from one of the high, rocky islands that bound the harbor on the north. This boat contains not exactly a sketching-club such as Mr. Tyrwhitt describes, but a party of highly-educated and traveled persons, who, under the guidance of Miss Susan Hale, paint in water-colors out-of-doors for a few hours each day when there is no fog nor rain.

Miss Hale and her brother, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, are friends of Mr. Tyrwhitt, and are among the Americans at whose suggestion his "Sketching-Club" was written. Miss Hale herself is an accomplished water-colorist, having studied in the best schools abroad, and her fresh energy in walking about among the woods and rocks of the islands of this region, as well as in rowing to picturesque nooks along the shore, where the sea ripples on a pebbly beach, or beats into small caves, gives a sort of English tone of life to her party, otherwise accustomed, as most Americans are, to the languid indolence of a summer vacation.

So much has been said and written in the last two or three years on the subject of water-colors, that nearly every one has had the chance to learn the improvement that has been made in them, both by the English schools and in the Water-Color Society of New York. Mr. William M. Hunt, in his "Talks on Art," dwells particularly on the importance of attending to the "values," as artists designate relative dryness of light and shade, and also on not trying to see too much detail in the landscape. The new effects to be got by using plenty of color at a time, instead of the thin washes which formerly made water-colors synonymous in the minds of many people with feebleness, and Mr. Hunt's teaching of the "values," are specially useful for rapid sketching, and under Miss Hale's judicious guidance day after day this sketching-class brings in pictures of boldly-massed, brown rocks, their base wet by a sparkling tide, and gleaming hill-sides, where the soft sunshine lights meadows and pine-groves. Done in a crisp, sharp touch, these pictures are often made in an hour, and the care with which the great contours of the rocks are

preserved, the general iron tones of the rocks marked, and their breadth of light and shade, remove these summer jottings far above the mincing and inaccurate daubing of amateurs that was formerly considered "sketching."

To paint carefully a few hours a week with some good master in winter-time, and then in summer to be in close intercourse with Nature two or three hours a day, learning critically her moods, her changes of color from hour to hour, and how the long gray or purple shadows of morning and at sunset lessen and nearly vanish in the short, sharp forms of light and shade at noon—to watch and fix on canvas or in sketch-book islands and sails grown rosy in the surface of the blue summer sea, while near pastures and pine-woods sink dim and gray into cool shadow—these are only a few of the charms that belong to this new kind of picnic.

Many persons have the notion that nothing can be done in art except by those possessed of high natural talent. But, from Ruskin to Walter Smith, everybody who has had any experience assures us that special talent is not requisite for fair drawing or sketching. Careful work and a little common-sense are sure to succeed, and a man or woman who can tell the difference in shade between a gray cravat or apron and a black gown or jacket, or between a red apple and the green tree on which it hangs, can learn to distinguish accurately enough for sketching the darkness of a rock rising from a pale sea, or the green of a field with its background of purple hill-side.

We have heard of one or two other of these sketching-parties made up from winter classmates and companions in painting; non-professional lovers of Nature and of art, who have gone on picnics of a few weeks to pleasant places, where they have painted, sketched, walked, and rode, and where their master, in one case William M. Hunt, of Boston, occasionally came to visit them, and criticise their work.

There is a fashion in household art, and a passion for Japanese embroidery, and it may be that summer sketching-parties will come into vogue with the same class of our prosperous population, and we sincerely hope that it may, for the pleasure, the health, and the refining and poetical knowledge of Nature that such an employment brings with it.

THE latest addition to the collection of statuary in the Central Park is George Simond's "Falconer," a colossal bronze figure executed in Rome in 1871, and presented by Mr. George Kemp, of this city. The statue is notably one of the most artistic and spirited conceptions now in the Park, and is receiving the warmest praise from the most critical observers. The Park collection of statuary, with the exception of Ward's "Indian Hunter," and possibly one of the colossal portrait statues, is not greatly esteemed for its spirit, hence the addition of a manly ideal like the "Falconer" relieves it from much of the severity which has heretofore belonged to it. The statue stands upon a rocky eminence on the main drive, overlooking the lake, one of the most commanding



sites in the Park. The height of the figure is about seven feet, and the pose and action are suggestive of youthful vigor and the enthusiasm of early manhood. The weight of the body rests upon the right foot, which is firmly placed on the ground, while the left leg is extended as in walking. The right arm is bent across the waist, and the left arm is raised, and upon the gauntleted hand sits a falcon, with outstretched wings, poised for flight. The head of the falconer is thrown back, and his eyes are eagerly watching the movement of the bird. The face of the figure is handsome, without being effeminate, and a jaunty little cap, with an eagle's feather stuck in its crown, serves to keep his flowing hair in order. The chest is broad and full, and the firm lines of the neck and body are as positive as those of an athlete. The muscular action of the figure is one of its strongest features of excellence, and it is emphasized by tight-fitting drapery. The body is covered with a simple hunting-shirt, which covers the hips, and the legs are incased in trunk-hose. This costume has given the sculptor a fine opportunity for the display of his anatomical knowledge, and he has availed himself of it with great success. The only accessories in the way of costume are a hunting-bag slung over the shoulder and hanging against the right hip, and a hunting-knife suspended from a belt. The extraordinary grace and spirit of this work attract the attention of all observers.

The statue of Lafayette, which was ordered by the French Government, under Thiers, in 1871, for presentation to the city of New York as an expression of gratitude, and in remembrance of the friendly offerings and kind feelings of its people during and at the close of the late war, arrived at this port last week, consigned to the Consul-General of France, and in the honorary charge of M. A. Salmon, president of the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie. The statue was finished one year ago, but no arrangements had been made for its shipment, nor would there have been at this time had not M. Salmon taken upon himself the duty of investigating the matter, and assumed the expenses attending its removal. The figure is seven feet high, exclusive of the pediment, and is the work of M. Frédéric Bartholdi, an eminent sculptor of the French school, and a native of Colmar, in Alsace. The design represents General Lafayette in his twentieth year, and was suggested to the sculptor by the passage taken from his memoirs, in which he says: "As soon as I heard of the Declaration of Independence, my heart was enrolled in the cause." He stands upon the bulwarks of the ship, as if in the act of speaking. His right arm is thrown across his breast, the hand grasping the hilt of his sword; the left arm is gracefully extended, and supports a mass of drapery, which falls at his feet. The body is firmly posed upon the right foot, while the left leg is extended, and only the toe of the military boot rests upon the bulwark. The head is partly turned to the right, and is strikingly in accord with the action of the body. The pose of the figure is excellent, and the simple yet graceful arrangement of

the drapery adds greatly to its force. The military cloak envelops no part of the figure; but, as it falls from the arm, lends a grand suggestion of strength to the design, and the formal lines of the military costume assume a picturesqueness which is really attractive. The portrait was studied from paintings of Lafayette taken from life, and is said to be accurate. The sculptor received one hundred and fifty thousand francs for his work. It is the wish of the French residents in New York that the statue should be erected in the Central Park, and this has been acquiesced in by the Park authorities. No time has yet been set for the unveiling ceremonies, and before this can be done a proper pedestal must be provided, as well as the necessary expenses connected with it. M. Salmon, as president of the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie, has already communicated with the Park authorities in regard to the erection and unveiling of the statue, and the ceremonies, we may hope, will take place without any unnecessary delay.

Those of our readers who have seen Millet's "Sower" at the Boston Athenæum, will be pleased with the following upon this painting from the *Contemporary Review*: "We may take this picture of 'Le Semeur' as representative of the noblest qualities of Millet's art. No one who has seen it can have missed its grandeur or its simplicity, its grace or its truth. As we gaze at the darkened figure broadly scattering the grain, we perceive at once how close and accurate has been the painter's knowledge of the facts of rustic life. There is here neither ignorance nor shirking of common truth; the peasant is not unfit for his place on the hill-side, and his gesture is strictly appropriate to the simple and world-worn duty he has to perform. But although this is a true peasant presented with unerring fidelity, by one who knows the reality of peasant-life, it is also something more. Looking at the plan of the picture, the sloping line of the dark hill-side, the space of waning light, and the stress and energy of the sower, we note that the peasant has become a grand figure in a grand design. The movement of his outstretched arm, the almost fierce energy of his progress across the barren landscape, seem to take a new significance. All sense of the individual laborer, all thought of his occupation, are lost in the contemplation of a splendid and majestic picture in which these things serve only as material. We pass with the painter from the obvious appearance of the scene to its deeper beauty. We perceive how out of this simple physical duty, performed again and again, he has drawn new discoveries of the dignity of human form. The very monotony of the employment helps the impressiveness of the picture; the figure of the sower, that by the painter's art is kept forever in this one attitude of grace, seems to present in grand epic fashion an abstract of all human labor. There is a sadness in his persistent progress, a hopelessness that has been strangely imported into the aspect of this single figure, and which belongs rather to the vision of the painter than to his subject, the expression of a wider truth thrust into individual form. And when the full significance of this profounder motive has been realized, we may again return to a simple view of the actual scene to note once more how all this has been expressed without disturbance of the obvious simplicity and direct truth of the view

of rustic life. The sense of style and the familiarity with the employments of the country have united without conflict for a single and harmonious effect."

## From Abroad.

### OUR PARIS LETTER.

July 6, 1875.

THE inundations in the south of France continue to be the leading topic in all circles. As the details of the disaster arrive, it becomes apparent that things are even worse than they were at first reported to be. The danger of a pestilence, caused by the overflow of river-mud which has spread over the vast area (two hundred miles square) that was covered by the waters, is rapidly increasing, and physicians are ordering away all those who can possibly leave. The stench arising from the unburied bodies, not only of animals, but of human beings, is said to be terrible. People dare not enter those houses which were flooded, as their foundations have become so insecure that in several instances they fell in upon those who had opened the doors. Many sad and strange events of the great disaster are chronicled. Especially tragic is the story of a priest who was hearing the confession of a lady-penitent. In the midst of her avowals the floor gave way beneath their feet, and they were precipitated into the flood amid the ruins of the falling house. "Absolution—grant me absolution!" cried the poor woman as she sank. The absolution was given, then priest and penitent were parted by the rush of the torrent. The priest managed to clamber on a floating beam and was saved, but the poor woman never was again seen alive. Many people refused to leave their houses while the water was as yet only ankle-deep, and remained to perish beneath the ruins. One of the most heart-rending features of the scene were the cries of those who were beyond aid in the submerged and falling buildings. It is said that the loss of life can only be computed by thousands, over three thousand persons being already officially known to have perished. Sixty million dollars' worth of property has been destroyed. The subscriptions are pouring in on all sides. Every theatre in Paris has either given, or is organizing, a benefit-performance. That of the Opéra took place last Saturday. The programme, as is usual in such cases, was excessively scrappy, consisting of separate acts of "Faust," the "Huguenots," and the "Trovatore," one act of the ballet of "Coppelia," and a miscellaneous concert. In this last, the superb voice of Mademoiselle de Reszké, the *débutante* whose success I chronicled in my last, showed to great advantage in the Bolero from the "Vêpres Siciliennes," and the quartet from "Rigoletto." It is reported that this performance was the last appearance of Madame Gueymard, who is going to retire definitely from the stage. It is surely time, for the lady is old and fat, and well-nigh voiceless, her once-powerful organ having been worn to shreds by long years of prima-donnaship at the Grand Opéra. Madame Rosens Bloch has already succeeded her in the rôle of the Queen in "Hamlet," and the change is a great improvement.

Concerning the *débutante*, Mademoiselle de Reszké, many number of romantic stories are afloat. She is a Hungarian, is the sister of the tenor De Reszki, and is said to be immensely wealthy, and to have gone on the stage from sheer love of art. Of course, this latter story is to be received with even more than the pro-

verbal grain of salt. Her noble and powerful voice is peculiarly fitted to interpret the music of Verdi. That is fortunate, as two of his most renowned interpreters, Mesdames Stoltz and Waldmann, who have made such a success in "Aida" and the "Requiem," are, it is said, about to quit the stage, the latter to marry and to retire into the shades of domestic life. It is to be hoped that they will sing in "Aida" at Les Italiens before taking this final step. Two of the blond beauties of the Parisian stage are about to espouse or have already given their fair hands to barytone singers: Mademoiselle Reichenberg, of the Comédie Française, having married M. Bouhy, of the Opéra Comique, and Angèle Moreau, the fair and sympathetic creatrix of *Louise*, in "Les Deux Orphelins," being engaged to M. Caron, of the Opéra. I think I mentioned this latter report to you before, but it has just received official confirmation. Neither of the two lovely ladies will quit the stage.

The sixth and last volume of Taxile Delord's "History of the Second Empire" is announced to appear on the 7th of this month. This volume treats of literature, science, arts, and the press, under the Second Empire, as well as of the last events of the reign of the third Napoleon. Gladly Brothers continue to largely advertise their forthcoming edition of the "Imitation," by Thomas à Kempis. Their last advertisement contains the announcement that they are going to reproduce for it the celebrated plates relating to Madame de Maintenon, but when the work is to be published they do not yet state.

The historical novel being no longer in vogue, M. Elie Berthet is about to try his hand at a prehistorical novel, or, rather, series of novels. Inspired by the recent discoveries of science, M. Berthet intends to revive, for the benefit of his readers, the man of the lakes and caverns, and to show us, in the midst of antediluvian landscapes, the combats of the smooth and monstrous animals of the period. If well done, the novels will certainly be very curious, but how they can contain any human interest it is hard to imagine. The first one, which is to be called "The Parisians of the Stone Age," is to appear in a few days, and is to be succeeded by "The Lucanian City" and "The Founding of Paris." A comedy, in one act, by the lamented Amédée Achard, is shortly to be produced at the Gymnase. It is entitled "The Boar of Ardennes."

Gérôme, the celebrated painter, is studying Turkish architecture in Broussa and Constantinople; it is said that he is going to try his hand at painting marine views—a complete change of style, and one that I should hardly fancy would prove beneficial. The "Respha" of Georges Becker, the huge picture which at the Salon caused so much controversy, has been purchased by the government, probably for the Luxembourg. The price paid for it was only three thousand francs (six hundred dollars), which, considering its size and the labor bestowed upon it, seems marvelously little. However, the painting, by reason of its size and subject, was totally unfit for any private gallery. It is an exasperating fact that two of the finest pictures of modern days are totally lost to the public by reason of their being in the hands of a wealthy member of the *demi-monde*. I allude to the "Vicaria" of Fortuny, and the celebrated "Salomé" of Henri Regnault, which now ornament the gallery of a superb hotel near the Arc de Triomphe. It is a singular fact that the world owes the latter picture to the suggestion of Fortuny. In the spring of 1870, Regnault,

Fortuny, and some other artists, were talking over the approaching Salon.

"Why do you not exhibit this year?" asked Regnault of Fortuny.

"Because I am not a Frenchman," made answer the Spanish artist, "but why do not you?"

"I have nothing ready," replied Regnault.

"Nay," said Fortuny, "take that head which you sketched lately and put a body to it; nothing could be better."

His advice was taken, and the result we know, and the universal sensation and excitement which were created by that weird and striking picture. It confirmed the fame of Regnault, and was the last picture ever exhibited by him. Before a year had expired, his brief, brilliant existence, too, had closed. How sad is the story of these three gifted artists—Zamacofs, Fortuny, and Regnault—friends and compeers, not one of whom attained the age of forty! Zamacofs was only twenty-nine when he died.

The remains of the old Opera-House have at last been cleared away, and the ground has been sold, but for what purpose still remains a mystery. It was hoped that the government would take advantage of the vacancy left by the fire to complete the Boulevard Haussmann by prolonging it to the Rue Drouot, but that project seems to have been definitely abandoned. Next it was reported that the Hôtel des Ventes, on the Rue Drouot, was to receive a very necessary addition in the shape of a supplementary *salle*, on the other side of the street, with a gallery connecting it with the main building. That rumor, too, has proved false. The Rue Chateaufort is to be prolonged over part of the vacant ground, and that is all that government means to do in the matter. As to the rest of the lot, it is to be left to private speculation. There is talk of erecting a new theatre there, but the theatres existing already in Paris are not getting along so well that any more need be erected. For the fact has recently come to light that half of the Parisian theatres are in a failing condition. The Ambigu Comique, the Châtelet, and the Lyrique, all lost heavily during the past season, and it is probable that the first two will not be reopened in the fall. The Vaudeville went from failure to failure till it was on the verge of ruin. The Gymnase also has sustained heavy losses, none of its new plays during the past season having attained to more than a half-success. The Gaité made money with "Orphée," but the money thus made was swallowed up in producing "La Haine" and "Geneviève de Brabant." This theatre is owned by a stock company, and the stockholders, who never get a penny of dividend, no matter what the receipts of the theatre may be, have in disgust sent Offenbach to the right-about, and have installed his stage-manager, Vizentini, in his place. The public will suffer by this change, for Offenbach did things royally; such scenery and costumes, such masses of supernumeraries, and such a *corps de ballet*, never before adorned the stage of the Gaité, and I fear never will again. The Comédie Française, the Porte St. Martin, and the Odéon, have all done well this season. As to the Palais Royal and the Variétés, they always do well. The new manager of the Gaité makes brilliant promises for next season, including a new piece, with music by Offenbach, called "A Journey to the Moon," a revival of Sardou's "Don Quixote," and a revival of "La Belle Hélène." Our old favorite Aimée is to appear in the first-named piece.

Strauss, stimulated by the success of his

"Reine Indigo," is at work on a new operetta for the Renaissance. Sardou is to furnish the *pièce de résistance* for the coming season at the Gymnase, in the shape of a comedy bearing the thrilling title of "Remorse."

As to Alexandre Dumas, the Comédie Française is henceforth to possess him entirely. And, *à propos* of Dumas, here is a criticism which he recently pronounced upon Alfred de Musset. Some one remarked in his presence that De Musset had something Shakespearean about him.

"Yes," replied Dumas, "De Musset was a compound of Shakespeare, Mauvaux, and a strolling player!"

Which, leaving out the first, was probably correct enough.

And now that I am on anecdotes, here is one of Théophile Gautier: There exists in the Champs Elysées an hotel belonging to a lady of wondrous reputation, the steps of the main staircase of which hotel are composed of precious stones, such as malachite, lapis-lazuli, carnelian, sardonyx, etc. Three wealthy lovers were ruined in order that this staircase might be finished. The proud proprietress of this ill-bought splendor was one day displaying it to Théophile Gautier, and asked him finally what he thought of it.

"Madame," he said, "you have just proved to me the fact that the successive steps of Vice are far more dazzling than are those of Virtue!"

The poet is dead and buried, but the staircase and the owner thereof still adorn the Champs Elysées.

The *Temps* recently published quite an interesting article about Stendhal, containing many anecdotes and personal reminiscences. He was very severe toward his contemporaries. Of Victor Hugo, when young, he says, very unappreciatively:

"The talent of M. Hugo resembles that of Young, the author of the 'Night Thoughts'—he is always coldly exaggerated. Nor can it be denied that he does not know very well how to write French verse."

Among Stendhal's papers, after his death, was found a paper headed "My Wishes." Among these was to be found the singular and prophetic phrase, "I should like to die of apoplexy at the corner of a street!" The same idea is expressed in his correspondence: "It seems to me that there is nothing ridiculous about dying in the street, if it is not done on purpose," he writes. His death was exactly that which he had desired. He fell dead of apoplexy one day while passing through the Rue Neuve des Capucines.

It is reported in Paris that the Princess Girgenti, the oldest daughter of Queen Isabella of Spain, is about to be married to a Prussian prince. Considering the lady's maternal and grand-maternal antecedents, and the fact also that she is as thin as a rail and as plain as a pikestaff, and that her first husband, Count Girgenti, is said to have committed suicide on account of the intolerable shrewishness of her disposition, I am inclined to look upon this alliance as the beginning of the avenging of France. LUCY H. HOOPER.

#### OUR LONDON LETTER.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN seems to delight in getting into hot water; he is even worse in this respect than that other well-known member of the *genus irritabile*, Mr. Mortimer Collins. In the last number of the *New Quarterly*—a young magazine which, I am sorry to say, is not doing so well as it might and ought—Mr. Bu-

chanan has an article on "The Modern Stage," which is full of personalities. He falls foul of our dramatic critics; he falls foul of more than one of the London managers—for instance, he declares that Nature clearly intended Mr. Chatterton to manage a hippodrome instead of a theatre; and he falls foul of certain of our dramatists. The playwright for whom he has the greatest admiration is seemingly Mr. Wills; him he rightly calls "an exceedingly clever though undoubtedly careless writer." No; after all he has a greater admiration for Mr. Gilbert; him he describes as the English Aristophanes, adding—and I believe you will agree with the remark—that "no living writer has his" (Mr. Gilbert's) "originality, and no living writer has his quiddity." Mr. Gilbert's burlesque of the "Happy Land," Mr. Buchanan further believes to be "the primeest political satire of this generation." Of Mr. Tom Taylor, too, our critic speaks kindly, but holds that, though he is the author of some of the very brightest pieces of the day, he is oftentimes "too consciously theatrical." So far, praise in the main; but our poet does not go on in this strain for long. When he comes to consider Mr. Boucicault's claims to be called a dramatist, he grows angry indeed. "It is clear," remarks he, "that when the stage secured a Boucicault, literature lost a Close;" the famous bald-headed actor-author can only be described, in short, as "the Shakespeare of the New Cut and Seven Dials." As to Mr. John Oxenford, the dramatic critic of the *Times*, our irascible poet belabors him soundly, certain as he is in his own mind that he (Mr. Oxenford) has no wish to raise the drama, for, if he had, asks Mr. Buchanan, would he be a "producer of stuff merely written for the market? Mr. Oxenford," continues he, so that there shall be no possibility of his being misunderstood, "writes too many worthless plays to be a trustworthy reporter of the modern theatre for the leading newspaper in the kingdom."

There is a good deal more of a similar kind about other notabilities, the result of all which is that Mr. Buchanan is being "haunted over the coals" by the whole of our periodical press. Fortunately, he is used to that kind of thing, and bears it in the coolest way possible. But I opine that when his next play is produced (he mustn't ask Mr. Chatterton to bring it out!), he will be paid back with interest.

I mentioned the "poet" Close just now. What an eccentric old man he is! Lord Palmerston, you will remember, got him placed on the Civil List, when up came a dozen people—many of them disappointed authors themselves—to prove that Mr. Close was not a poet at all—that, in fact, he could not write half a dozen lines grammatically. And so it really is. His verses are the merest doggerel, yet he makes money out of them by chronicling notable events and praising (in print) the loveliness of the rich ladies and the generosity of the rich lords who visit him at the little book-stall which he keeps at Kirkby-Stephen, near Lake Windermere. He is constantly forwarding a minute account of his movements to me for publication; poor man! he seems to think all the world is interested in them. Now it is to say that Lady Broadacres has given him a sovereign; anon to announce that he is about to dedicate some verses to my Lord of Woodland. His last letter is to the effect that he is writing "a grand epic poem" (the words are his own) on—whom do you think? Why, on Captain Boyton, who, it appears, is about to visit the lakes. Further, he assures me that, though in his sixtieth year, he is (*horrible*

*dictu!*) "composing *impromptu* verses every day!"

Here is an anecdote about Mr. H. J. Byron—whose "Our Boys" and "Weak Women" are still running merrily at the Vaudeville and Strand respectively—which has never appeared in print: Years ago a new piece of his (I forget the name of it) was produced at Liverpool. It was somewhat "slow," for at that time Mr. Byron was trying his "prentice-hand." The audience began to show signs of impatience, and just as a few hisses were becoming audible, a sawing sound was heard. "What was that, Byron?" asked the manager, who was standing beside the young dramatist, at the side-wings. "Oh," replied Mr. Byron, "I suppose it's the carpenters cutting down the piece!" Mr. Byron, by-the-way, is always saying witty things in conversation—just as Mr. Albery is. If their remarks were judiciously taken down, I have no doubt they could be made to contribute not a little to the success of some new comedy.

The *Pull Mall Gazette* (which is edited, I may tell you, by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the brother of James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual") has just done a very kindly thing. It has called attention in glowing terms to a little volume of patriotic verses written by a humble Irishman, one Mr. O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor is, it seems, a working-man settled at Deptford, and is at present trying to gain a very minor post in our school board. That he has considerable poetic instinct is certain. Take, for example, his "Backwoods Song:"

"We camp beneath the tall pines,  
We're trappers true and tried;  
From early dawn till shadows fall,  
O'er hills and dales we ride.  
At evening in the clearing  
Dear Ireland's hills we see,  
Where freedom fell through striking well  
For God and Country."

"The shades of night are falling,  
But light or shade fails to blind  
The broken-hearted exile  
From the land he left behind.  
But a truce to grief! Let's pledge  
Every home and altar free!  
And be our boast, our backwoods toast—  
For God and Country!"

"For God and Country!  
For God and Country!  
Boys, be our toast and proudest boast,  
For God and Country!"

Is not that very inspiring? I can fancy I hear that chorus given by half a dozen brawny Irish immigrants. How it would echo among the pines! Again, the following lines on "The Vanithe," a good old housewife, have surely the true lilt:

"Let some go praise our maidens fair—  
To me a jewel rich and rare,  
A gem, a priceless gem to me,  
Is Ireland's pride, the Vanithe."

"When winter nights were cold and long,  
Who cheered our hearts with jest and song  
Till laughter shook the old roof-tree?  
Oh, who but Ireland's Vanithe."

"Who oft on feast of Hallowe'en  
Made glad the heart of each colleen,  
And burned the nuts? 'He'll cross the sea,'  
And 'She'll get wed,' said Vanithe."

"'Twas sad from Erin's hills to part,  
But oh, what mostly broke my heart  
And made it grieve to exile be  
Was parting with the Vanithe."

"She's dear to me, and, by the day!  
You may believe the words I say:  
Were I a king, a queen should be  
My dear old, brave old Vanithe."

"Come, all we to the brim each cup,  
And froth it up, boys, froth it up!  
Here's Ireland o'er the deep blue sea!  
Here's Ireland's pride, the Vanithe!"

I don't think I ever mentioned that Mr. William Black, the novelist, is a most ardent sportsman. He is, though, and your readers may like to know it. There are few better shots. Almost every year he hies to the Scotch moors, and does terrible execution among the feathery tribe.

Mr. Irving made a rather telling speech on the occasion the other day of the thirtieth annual festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. He presided, and was supported by Signor Salvini among others. After telling his audience that some twenty years ago he, then quite a boy, might have been seen standing by the door of the London Tavern (where the present festival was held), watching eagerly the guests as they assembled for the Fund's dinner, he candidly admitted that he could not make so eloquent an appeal for the charity as had many of his predecessors. "I am unable to draw gold by my glowing words," added he. "Eloquence such as theirs, the true philosopher's stone, I don't possess." Then he went on to show that "actors are a proverbially benevolent and open-handed race. They certainly have a great temptation to live well," remarked he, "and I remember a famous comedian once saying to me, 'Sir, when I play *Charles Surface* I dine off the liver-wing of a chicken, moistened by a bumper of sparkling Burgundy.' Artistic instincts," he continued, "are frightfully opposed to business habits. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, I am not speaking of the fortunate London actor with his snug room here, his comfortable cottage there, and a handy little sum at his bankers'. I am speaking of the poor country actor who, on twenty-five or thirty shillings a week (when he can get it) to fulfill an engagement, has to journey from Aberdeen to Plymouth, who has to play lords, dukes, and electors and Counts Palatine, and dress them all himself; who has, perhaps, to exist four, five, or six months out of the twelve, chameleon-like, on air, and perhaps with a wife and several small children. How is this unfortunate being to put by for the rainy day? And if the man be earnest and a student, he must spend money in artistic work. He wants a wig for this, and shoes and buckles for that; in short, every thing that has been worn since clothes were invented. And all this on twenty-five shillings a week! He must try and look the character he acts, and the more artistic the man's mind, and the more fastidious his taste, the more is he tempted to be what the thoughtless call extravagant."

Mr. Irving's words had much effect, as was shown by the large sum subscribed then and there for the institution. A right modest man is he; but he is by no means a good after-dinner speaker. Like Miss Cushman, he carries the theatrical intonation into private life.

WILL WILLIAMS.

## Science, Invention, Discovery.

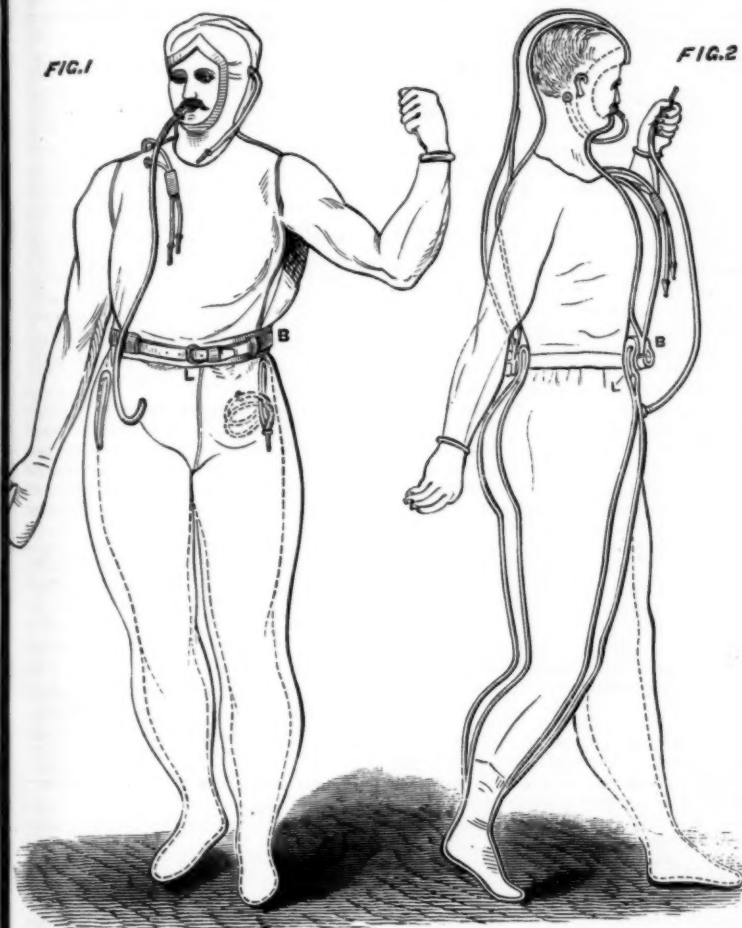
### THE BOYTON-MERRIMAN LIFE-SAVING DRESS.

WITH the story of Captain Boyton and his adventurous voyage across the British Channel, our readers are familiar. Clad in his Merriman's life-saving suit, this bold swimmer paddled himself from Boulogne in France to Folkestone on the English coast



in twenty-four hours, the distance traversed being over twenty-five miles. So universal was the popular interest manifested in the

demand an extended description. A brief reference, however, to certain special points may serve to render the design more plain.



success of this venture, that the story to its minutest details has already been made public. In addition to these descriptive accounts, many of our contemporaries have published picturesque illustrations of this living sea-craft—now battling with the rough sea, now reposing for rest on the very crest of the waves, and again dashing along under full sail before the wind. Even the "noontide meal" was partaken of by the swimmer, with his head resting upon an inflated cushion, and his paddle fastened at his side.

While these illustrations were truthful, no doubt, and served their purpose in conveying to the reader the possibilities of the life-saving dress, they yet failed to present any clear idea of the peculiarities of its construction, its actual form, and the method of its adjustment. For these reasons we are prompted to refer, after this lapse of time, to the subject, in order to lay before our readers, aided by suitable descriptions, the accompanying outline drawings of Boyton or any other swimmer equipped in the Merriman suit. Originally prepared for the *English Mechanic*, these drawings are so clear as hardly to

Fig. 1 represents the swimmer or shipwrecked passenger in full outfit, and ready to jump or be cast overboard; while the sectional view given in Fig. 2 best illustrates the peculiarities of construction, the method of inflation, etc. Referring to this latter figure, it will be observed that the rubber suit is in reality two suits, the one inclosing the body closely, while the other, fitting over this loosely, leaves at intervals open spaces or air-chambers. These, when inflated, are sufficiently buoyant to sustain the inclosed body upon the surface of the waves. The suit, which is of stout rubber cloth, consists of two parts—jacket and pantaloons, secured at the waist by a belt. Besides these two grand divisions, there are, in the jacket, several lesser ones, formed by the stitching or fastening together of the outer and inner coats. By this means separate air-sacks are formed, one in front and the other behind, while that portion extending along the back of the neck and head is also separated, and when inflated acts as a pillow.

The process of inflation is a simple one. To each division or air-sack a rubber tube,

ending in a suitable cock and mouth-piece, is attached. By means of these the wearer can inflate all or any of the desired sections. The inflation is simply a process of blowing up. Hence, should there be any slight escape of air, it can be readily replaced even in the water. As the only exposed portion of the body is the face, or at least that small part of it which includes the eyes, nostrils, and mouth, the only line where there is any need of compression is that which marks the boundary of this space. This is effected by means of a light but strong elastic band, which fits closely over the space indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 2. Should it be deemed advisable to leave the hands exposed, a similar band about the wrists accomplishes this result.

As it is not improbable that an assortment of these suits will soon become a feature of every steamer's furniture—as are now the well-known though rarely-serviceable cork life-preservers—a careful examination of their form and methods of use may yet prove of practical value to our readers; and, as we are instructed, as a feature of wise statesmanship, that in times of peace we prepare for war, so it may not be amiss that the hour of safety be made, by means of this and like observations, to serve us in preparing for that danger which awaits all who "go down to the sea in ships."

THE following facts, as given by the *Virginia Enterprise*, will doubtless prove suggestive to those who are interested in certain problems in the department of terrestrial physics. We were permitted to present recently certain interesting facts regarding the retention of frost by rocks and along rocky strata, and, in the following facts, it seems demonstrated that when unexplored, or under pressure, rocks may be made to retain heat for great periods of time: "On the 30th of October last, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the large, new air-shaft of the Belcher mine, then completed to the one-thousand-foot level, took fire and was destroyed. The timber of the shaft all burned out and the rock fell in and blocked it up. After mature deliberation, it was thought that it would be better and cheaper to sink a new shaft than to try to clear out the old one, so badly were the sides caved and so great was the quantity of rock that had fallen into it. The new shaft was sunk a short distance to the west of the old one. It has now reached a point near the one-thousand-foot level, where it will be continued down an incline. The incline was started at the one-thousand-foot level, and carried up to meet the vertical portion of the shaft. The course of this incline carried it through the remains of the old vertical shaft; but, as soon as it was tapped, the men found that they could do nothing in it on account of the ashes, burnt earth, and rocks, that poured down into their incline. A tunnel was run until it had reached a point a short distance west of the old shaft, when a vertical upraise was made to the line of the proposed incline to be run up to meet the new shaft. The men then began to work down on the incline in order to reach the point from which they were driven in trying to come up. They have succeeded in getting into the bottom of the old shaft, where, much to their surprise, they found the rock still red-hot. In trying to put in timbers they were set on fire, and in order to work at all it is found necessary to

bring a line of hose into the place and play a stream of water upon the rocks wedged in the bottom of the old shaft. There is no timber on fire among the rocks. They seem to have been heated to a degree so intense at the time of the fire, that they have remained red-hot ever since. When we find so small a mass of rocks as can be contained in the bottom of a shaft remaining hot for over five months, after having been heated to whiteness, should we be incredulous on being assured by scientists that the centre of the earth, once a molten mass of rock, still remains in a molten state after untold ages? Nearly three years after the great fire in the Yellow-Jacket mine, places were found in the lower levels where the rock was still red-hot."

The dreaded Colorado beetle, the history, form, and habits of which were made the subject of a recently-illustrated article in the JOURNAL, has at length, as then predicted, made its appearance along our Eastern coasts. In New Jersey and Eastern New York this pest is now actively at work, and one of the attractive features of a Fulton-Street seed-store is a little glass cage of the beetles, alive and active. In all respects they correspond with our description, and, guided by that, no reader need fail to recognize the presence of the invaders. "It is an ill wind that blows no good," however, and hence the manufacturers of Paris-green are driving a brisk trade in this dangerous poison, regarding the efficacy of which opinions are divided. In the mean time the march is still eastward, and already our English neighbors have taken fright, and are starting measures to repel the invaders should they succeed in landing on their shores. The President of the Entomological Society, in his recent anniversary address, directs attention to the subject as follows: "The Colorado potato-beetle is an enemy whose rapid advances toward the shores of the Atlantic are a menace to Europe. When once established on the seaboard, they may wing their way to vessels in port, being accustomed to fly in swarms, and may thus be borne over to found a colony in this country, irrespective of conveyance with the tubers themselves. Agricultural and horticultural societies should make provision for the dissemination of correct information respecting these insects; and specimens of the beetles themselves should be obtained for distribution, with the view to familiarize persons with their aspect, and to prevent their diffusion." It will be seen that the English authorities advise a course of proceeding which we have already adopted, and should our readers have listened to the warnings already given them, we doubt not they have been aided in an early recognition of the enemy.

The Egyptian Geographical Society, recently organized under the patronage of his highness the khédive, with Dr. Schweinfurth as president, has entered at once upon an active and promising career. The khédive has placed at the disposal of the society a handsome suite of apartments, furnished in suitable style, including a valuable library, having also headed the subscription-list with an endowment-fund of two thousand dollars a year. In his inaugural address, Dr. Schweinfurth referred to geographical research as follows: "It has become an immense domain, the meeting-place of all branches of human science. The geography of the present does not aim at merely describing the form of the earth or the vesture which it has assumed; it seeks to show the chain of hidden causes of which this form is the expression." It thus appears that, though or-

ganized as a geographical society, it is the evident purpose of its president to embrace in its service all departments of physical inquiry. Nor would it be strange should the Egyptians—so long distinguished as lovers of the marvelous—under this new tutelage again come to the front, directing their labors in more legitimate channels, instead of wasting them, as heretofore, in attempting to solve the mysteries of Nature by reading the stars, or exacting the secret of life from the alembic and elixir.

The increase in the number of "gas-wells" opened throughout the petroleum regions is leading to active inquiries as to the possible service they may be made to render. It is believed that, could this natural gas be all utilized, it would rival in value the oil itself. Already in certain cities and towns natural gas is made to render service as an illuminator, and in the oil-regions it is often used as fuel beneath the boilers of the drilling and pumping-engines. We learn from the *National Oil Journal* that a gas-well near Sarversville, in the Butler oil-regions, flows with a pressure of three hundred pounds to the square inch, and is roughly estimated to yield a million cubic feet of gas a day. It is proposed to lay a six-inch pipe from this well to Pittsburg, a distance of about seventeen miles, and thus to supply manufacturing establishments of this city with gaseous fuel. In the present connection, we would note the discovery of a similar gas-well in Kansas. It was opened by workmen digging for coal at Wyandotte, and the gas which escapes daily is estimated at a quarter of a million cubic feet. Though often impure in its natural state, this gas may be submitted to special purifying processes, by which it is rendered available for ordinary illuminating purposes.

MR. MACLEAY, whose zeal and generosity in the cause of science we have already commended, has entered actively upon the organization of his projected expedition to New Guinea. For this purpose he has fitted out at New Sydney a four-hundred-ton man-of-war, which vessel will be transformed into an exploring and supply ship. Though he announces as his chief object the enriching of his natural-history collection, yet the fact that several naturalists have been invited to join the party proves that this generous patron of science has in mind a broader service than the personal one he gives forth. There will be instituted an extensive series of deep-sea dredging, in addition to which the rivers of the country will be ascended by means of a steam-launch.

It is announced that Seth Green, having failed by persuasion and argument to induce the North River fishermen to leave their nets open for one day in the week so as to allow the shad to pass up the river, has at last resorted to a novel expedient whereby this reasonable demand may be enforced. This consists in hatching and turning into the seine-infested river forty thousand young sturgeon. It is claimed that, when these have grown to a sufficient size, they will find a way along this water-course or make one by breaking the nets. Should this new ally prove as staunch a one as is predicted, the fishermen will have occasion to regret their stubborn refusal to listen to the entreaties of the veteran fish-culturist.

It is stated that eggs may be preserved for a long time by simply dipping them in paraffine. Great care must be taken to procure fresh eggs, as this treatment will not serve to check decomposition after it has once begun.

As the main purpose of this and all kindred processes is merely to exclude the air and protect the surface from the approach of spores, it is surprising that this method has not before suggested itself. Paraffine is an article so readily obtained and applied that a test of this statement might readily be made.

M. VON HULLE, chief gardener of the Botanical Gardens at Ghent, having observed the buoyant power of the leaves of the *Victoria regia*, was led to test this power, which he accomplished by loading one of the leaves with bricks. By this means he found that the single leaf was able to sustain a weight of seven hundred and sixty-one pounds.

ALREADY the honors of a discoverer and public benefactor are being granted to M. De la Bastie, the inventor of the process of toughening glass, recently described in the JOURNAL. The jury of the French Central Society of Horticulture have awarded to him a large gold medal "on account of the services his discovery is likely to render to horticulture."

IN a brief communication in *Silliman's Journal* on the "Rate of Growth in Corals," Professor Joseph Le Conte advances the opinion, supported by personal observation, that the annual growth of madreporine-points in the Gulf of Mexico is not more than three and one-half or four inches a year.

THE two new asteroids discovered by Professor C. H. Peters on the night of June 2d last, have been christened "Vibilia" and "Adeona," Nos. 144 and 145. The magnitude of the former is estimated at the 10th, and of the latter the 11.5th.

PROFESSOR BAEYER, of Strasburg, has been appointed to the professorship of Chemistry at Munich—a post which has remained vacant since the death of Liebig.

## Miscellany:

### NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM a volume by George Henry Lewes, just published in London (being in the main, however, a collection of papers that have appeared in the periodicals), we derive the following just comments on a well-known complaint current among actors:

It is thought a hardship that great actors in quitting the stage can leave no monument more solid than a name. The painter leaves behind him pictures to attest his power; the actor leaves behind him books; the actor leaves only a tradition. The curtain falls—the artist is annihilated. Succeeding generations may be told of his genius; none can test it.

All this I take to be a most misplaced sorrow. With the best wishes in the world I cannot bring myself to place the actor on a level with the painter or the author. I cannot concede to the actor such a parity of intellectual greatness; while, at the same time, I am forced to remember that, with inferior abilities, he secures far greater reward, both of pudding and praise. It is not difficult to assign the causes of an actor's superior reward, both in noisy reputation and in solid guineas. He amuses. He amuses more than the most amusing author. And our luxuries always cost us more than our necessities. Tagliani or Carlotta were better paid than Edmund

Kean or Macready; Jenny Lind better than both put together.

But while the dramatic artist appeals to a larger audience, and moves them more forcibly than either painter or author, owing to the very nature of his art, a very slight acquaintance with acting and actors will suffice to show there can be no parity in the rank of a great painter and a great actor. Place Kean beside Caravaggio (and, though I select the greatest actor I have known, I take a third-rate painter, not wishing to overpower the argument with such names as Raphael, Michel Angelo, Titian), and ask what comparison can be made of their intellectual qualifications? Or take Macready, and weigh him in the scale with Bulwer or Dickens.

The truth is, we exaggerate the talent of an actor because we judge only from the effect he produces, without inquiring too curiously into the means. But, while the painter has nothing but his canvas, and the author has nothing but white paper and printer's ink with which to produce his effects, the actor has all other arts as handmaids; the poet labors for him, creates his part, gives him his eloquence, his music, his imagery, his tenderness, his pathos, his sublimity; the scene-painter aids him; the costumes, the lights, the music, all the fascination of the stage—all subserve the actor's effect: these raise him upon a pedestal; remove them, and what is he? He who can make a stage-mob bend and sway with his eloquence, what could he do with a real mob, no poet by to prompt him? He who can charm us with the stateliest imagery of a noble mind, when robed in the robes of *Hamlet* or in the toga of *Coriolanus*, what can he do in coat and trousers on the world's stage? Rub off the paint, and the eyes are no longer brilliant! Reduce the actor to his intrinsic value, and then weigh him with the rivals whom he surpasses in reputation and in fortune.

If my estimate of the intrinsic value of acting is lower than seems generally current, it is from no desire to disparage an art I have always loved, but from a desire to state what seems to me the simple truth on the matter, and to show that the demand for posthumous fame is misplaced. Already the actor gets more fame than he deserves, and we are called upon to weep that he gets no more! During his reign the applause which follows him exceeds in intensity that of all other claimants for public approbation; so long as he lives he is an object of strong sympathy and interest; and when he dies he leaves behind him such influence upon his art as his genius may have effected (true fame!) and a monument to kindle the emulation of successors. Is not that enough? Must he weep because other times will not see his acting? Must we weep because all that energy, labor, genius, if you will, is no more than a tradition! Folly!\* In this crowded world how few there are who can leave even a name! how rare those who leave more! The author can be read by future ages! Oh, yes, he can be read: the books are preserved; but can he be read? Who disturbs them from their repose upon the dusty shelves of silent libraries? What are the great men of former ages, with rare—very rare—exceptions, but names to the world which shelves their well-bound volumes?

\* The illustrious mathematician Jacobi, in his old age, was once consoled by a flattering disciple with the remark that all future mathematicians would delight in his work. He drew down the corners of his mouth and said, despairingly, "Yes; but to think that all my predecessors knew nothing of my work!" Here was vanity hungrier than that of the actor.

Unless some one will tell me in sober gravity (what is sometimes absurdly said in fulsome dinner-speeches and foolish dedications) that the actor has a "kindred genius" with the poet whose creations he represents, and that in sheer intellectual calibre Kean and Macready were nearly on a par with Shakespeare, I do not see what cause of complaint can exist in the actor's not sharing the posthumous fame of a Shakespeare. His fame while he lives surpasses that of almost all other men. Byron was not so widely worshiped as Kean. Lawrence and Northcote, Wilkie and Mulready, what space did they fill in the public eye compared with Young, Charles Kemble, or Macready? Surely this renown is ample!

If Macready share the regret of his friends, and if he yearn for posthumous fame, there is yet one issue for him to give the world assurance of his powers. Shakespeare is a good raft whereon to float securely down the stream of time; fasten yourself to that and your immortality is safe. Now, Shakespeare must have occupied more of Macready's time and thought than any other subject. Let fruits be given. Let us have from him an edition of Shakespeare, bringing all his practical experience as an actor to illustrate this the first of dramatists. We want no more black-letter. We want no more hyperboles of admiration. We want the dramatic excellences and defects illustrated and set forth. Will Macready undertake such a task? It would be a delightful object to occupy his leisure; and it would settle the question as to his own intellectual claims.

The foregoing was written in 1851. This year (1875) the "Reminiscences and Diaries of Macready" have been given to the world by Sir Frederick Pollock, and they strikingly confirm the justice of my estimate, which almost reads like an echo of what Macready himself expressed. In those volumes we see the incessant study which this eminently conscientious man to the last bestowed on every detail connected with his art; we see also how he endeavored by study to make up for natural deficiencies, and how conscious he was of these deficiencies. We see him over-sensitive to the imaginary disrespect in which his profession is held, and throughout his career hating the stage while devoting himself to the art. But, although his sensitiveness suffered from many of the external conditions of the player's life, his own acceptance by the world was a constant rebuke to his exaggerated claims. He was undeniably a cultivated, honorable, and able man, and would have made an excellent clergyman or member of Parliament; but there is absolutely no evidence that he could have made such a figure either in the church or senate as would compare with that which he made upon the stage.

LADY POLLOCK, in *Temple Bar*, in an article entitled "The Poet and the Stage," has something to say calculated to disabuse some of the current theories in regard to the greatness of past dramatic periods:

Garriek, independently of his special art, was a clever, cultivated man, but the fever of a restless self-love was in his blood, and he sacrificed his authors on all sides. He killed the living and mutilated the dead. In "*Hamlet*" he cut down whatever scenes he thought ineffective for his glory, and took into his own part favorite passages belonging to the other characters. In the same spirit he degraded "*Richard III.*" to a series of stage-clamors,

and called in Tate and Colman to give him a lively ending for "*King Lear.*"

The grand days of the drama are often talked of with reverence, when Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith, were the frequenters of the theatre, and Garrick was the tragedian; but they were actually the grand days of the player as opposed to those of the poet. If Garrick's taste is to be judged by the tragedies brought upon the stage during his time, it must be pronounced low, indeed. Before this period there had been at least a great deal of literary merit engaged in dramatic productions which prevented them from being totally worthless. Eminent authors, although they did not prove themselves to be eminent dramatists, yet scattered through their plays some sparks of talent: it would be impossible to read Addison's "*Cato*" without the conviction that its writer was no common man—singularly accomplished even in tedium; or to peruse Rowe's "*Jane Shore*" without regretting that its author had not sufficient sensibility and imaginative power to produce as good a drama as he could a stage-play; but there is nothing to hope or fear from Garrick's pet writers.

Among these, William Whitehead, the laureate, produced his feeble "*Roman Father*;" then Mr. Crispe, known in Madame d'Arbly's diaries as "dear Daddy Crispe," made a miserable play of "*Virginia*;" and the industrious Murphy suspended his labors in classic translations and borrowed learning to struggle with his "*Zenobia*" and "*Orphans in China*." At this time Henry Jones, the bricklayer, left his trade to manufacture plays, and Glover invented new *Medeas*, and Mallet *Eleiras* and *Alfreds*.

Dramatic literature, crushed out by Puritanism during the time of the Commonwealth, had blossomed again into the full-blown sin of the reactionary movement under Charles II. It borrowed classic rules from the French in bombastic tragedy, and took to itself all the licentiousness of the court-manners in its comedy. To humor audiences impatient of seriousness, the tragic authors of that time apologized for the pathos of their subject, as soon as the curtain fell, by indecent epilogues; and this fashion, with some modification of its grossness, was carried on into the eighteenth century.

Garriek was looked to as a master in this species of composition, and did his best to encourage it; his literary talents were precisely of that kind which luxuriated in the short compass of a prologue. Here they were at home; here there was just a sufficient demand for easy rhyme, confident, unfettered fancy, and bold, unexpected meanings, which looked like wit. Nor did Garrick in these compositions forget his managerial tricks; so great a quantity of stage-business was given by him to prologue and epilogue that at last few actors but himself were accomplished enough to do them justice. He was always ready with some ingenuity to divert his public. Sometimes a bewildered country boy wandered on to the stage with a prologue to his supposed master's play, or a tipsy sailor rolled forward, reading the play-bill for the night, or a charming actress, after having drowned the stage in tears, sprang from behind the curtain as the Comic Muse. All these contrivances prolonged the custom of prologue and epilogue; but the better judgment will in the end prevail against a bad fashion; and first condemned by Thomson, and next sternly rejected by Home (the author of "*Douglas*"), other critics afterward ventured to protest, and gradually these things ceased to be.

One of the principal causes of the rapid de-



cline of dramatic literature during Garrick's management to the yet lower position than the low one it had previously occupied, is to be found in the general character of the great player's genius. Before his time the management had been in the hands either of some one individual not himself upon the stage, or of several actors all equally concerned in the character of the pieces performed at their theatre, but differing in the direction of their own talents for the stage. Wilkes, Cibber, and Dogget, and Wilkes, Cibber, and Booth, were a jumbo of this kind. Garrick was supreme at Drury Lane, both as actor and manager, and had the power to exercise a fatal influence. If he had by a happy chance been a fine critic, he might have contrived to gratify his vanity without injuring Shakespeare, and without dictating his imaginary stage necessities to the playwrights, among whom he gradually alienated the most respectable. It is an evidence of the force of the great tragedian that Garrick's audiences, consisting in great part of literary men, made no protest against his barbarous dealings with our greatest poet or his encouragement of our meanest scribblers. Satisfied with the passion he roused, they did not question the instruments he used. His despotism was accepted. That a fine actor has considerable dominion over the authors he represents is indisputable, yet it must be remembered, somewhat to diminish the marvel of Garrick's proceedings, that his own bad taste was but an exaggerated growth of his period, and that Johnson, the oracle of that age, has left us many criticisms to laugh at.

At the end of the Garrick epoch the literature of the stage was completely debased; a great quantity of new plays were produced every season, which only existed by their novelty, and were not for a moment supposed to have any other principle of vitality in them; the consequence was that when Mrs. Siddons and her brother John Kemble appeared upon the scene they found no author worthy to write for them.

Lady Pollock (who the reader will recollect is wife of Sir Frederick Pollock, editor of Macready's "Diaries and Reminiscences," recently published) proceeds in her entertaining paper to give her views upon Fechter and Henry Irving:

In the worst period of literary stagnation, some ten years after Macready's retirement, M. Fechter, a clever French actor, came to London to wake the echoes of Shakespeare's music with a foreign accent. In the character of *Hamlet*, partly by the surprise which was excited by his attempt, and partly by his real merit, he met with considerable success. He was a skillful artist, but he made frequent mistakes of emphasis, and he was deficient in sustained force. He was good in a flash of passion, or a graceful movement; but he had no depth of feeling, and there were deficiencies of heart as well as of language when he sought to interpret the highest passion. His representation of *Othello* deserves to be recorded as a proof of the player's influence on the poet. The actor, being incapable of any great poetical conception, substituted paltry devices and petty elaborations of action for the majestic movement of passion; the play was for the time vulgarized, and all its richness of sound and vastness of imagination were cramped into such mean dimensions that it seemed no better than a prosaic Parisian drama of the Dumas school. It was so little liked that

M. Fechter produced no more Shakespearean plays.

Twenty-four years have passed since the day of Macready's retirement, and now for the first time an English actor has appeared whose genius gives us reason to expect the restoration of poetical drama to our stage. Mr. Henry Irving brings to whatever character he undertakes fine thought and vivid emotion; these qualities have been evident in all his representations, but the complex character of *Hamlet* has given him the freest scope for the use of his powers. Out of solitary contemplation he has drawn his inspiration, for he came upon an empty stage, where there was no departing or reigning greatness to kindle or to guide him. His fervent imagination imparts life, the first requisite in acting, to his personation; a life taken from the poet's heart into the depths of his own. He is the impressionable, flexible *Hamlet*: tender by nature, stung into bitterness by an intolerable sense of wrong, but never strong and resolute. Fitful, moody; alternately meditative and impetuous; passionate in imagination, and too subtle in thought for a persistent course of action, he is carried to the verge of frenzy by the unequal conflict of the inner man with the circumstances which surround him. But his fury is short-lived, and his spirits instantly fall back into that profound dejection which makes the young prince weary of his life. Such is the interpretation to which Mr. Irving's swift emotions and fine intellectual perceptions give a singular vitality and interest. He delivers what may be termed the set speeches, somewhat tarnished by frequent handling, as if he were thinking them out for the first time, and gives back to them the full freshness of a new impulse. Mr. Irving's attributes are essentially poetical, and therefore it is not to be feared that, as a disciple of the natural school of acting, he will mar its excellence by exaggeration. He has too delicate an appreciation of beauty to let slip in a slovenly utterance the melody of a poet's thought; he has too true a dramatic instinct to suffer a grand towering passion to sink into the tone of a drawing-room platitudes for the gratification of certain spectators who hold that Nature is best served by depriving her of all nobility and all grace. His taste will reject that evil fashion of his time; nor is he likely to yield to those temptations which have been described as haunting the onward path of the favorite tragedian.

A LONDON writer discusses the influence of the doctrines of Swedenborg on literature:

The influence of Swedenborg on imaginative literature is nowhere so obvious as in the novels of Balzac. There are traces of his theory of Correspondences in a place where they might not have been looked for, in the "Fleurs

du Mal" of Charles Baudelaire. The poet, in "a mystic strain of verse," sings how colors and sounds and scents mingle and blend in the world, and produce an inaudible harmony, a color invisible, to the eyes and ears of the uninitiated. In the pretty tale of "Sprite," too, a masterpiece of Théophile Gautier, it is Swedenborg's theories of conjugal love that are travestied, and it is a Swedenborgian mystic who unlocks to the lover of Spirit the gate of the spiritual world. But the gross, sensuous Balzac—Balzac whose ideas of *la vie conjugale* are so frankly material—really felt, more than any other man of literary genius, the attraction of these new regions of which Swedenborg was the Columbus. Balzac's "Louis Lambert" is partly autobiographical, a sketch of his own sufferings when, as a school-boy in Vendôme, he neglected his Latin exercises to pore over such works as "Heaven and Hell revealed." Lambert in the novel is a secluded and unappreciated genius, whose life is an attempt to develop the true, the angelic nature that is hidden within our frames. Even as a boy, Lambert is second-sighted, beholds places in vision, and recognizes them later in fact, as Swedenborg saw the fire of Stockholm three hundred miles off, and as Shelley used occasionally to do, or say he did. The dream of his life is to meet an angel-woman, and meet her he does, like other people, at last. Unfortunately, he falls just before his marriage into a state which may be bestial contemplation, or may be idiocy, and when he opens his lips after months of silence it is only to say, "The angels are white." In his more lucid intervals he would make such profound remarks as, "The Abstract thinks, the Instinctive acts." In this failure and decay of the mystic vision, when it seemed on the point of solving the secrets of the universe, Balzac probably symbolized his own mature views as to the mysticism that always attracted him. To him the system of Swedenborg is like his own mysterious Séraphitus Séraphita, a brilliant, sexless creature of strange birth, tantalizing, alluring, fading at last out of human view among the glittering snows and glacial peaks of the mountains round the Stromford. Séraphitus Séraphita allures her lovers to heights where the breath is caught by the sharp air, where the sight grows dim, and the brain reels. She vanishes from those who love her, leaving only a memory and a hope, the sense of having seen wonderful sights with eyes waking or dreaming, the trust that these marvels have a meaning and a promise, and the certainty that, after all, the life of earth, and not the visions of the Alpine summits, is the only life for men. Perhaps this is no uncommon result of the reading of Swedenborg's very voluminous writings, which are not, however, destitute of humor, if the seer is correctly reported to have said that the English all hang together, and see few foreigners, in some circle of the invisible world.

## Notices.

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